THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

FEBRUARY 1, 1808.

OPPOSITION PERFECTABILITY.

SIR,

IT has of late been so fashionable to ridicule those philosophers who have presumed to declaim in favour of Mr. Godwin's doctrine of "the Perfectability of Man," that I cannot help fearing lest my communication may appear too absurd for admission among your literary novelties. *Personal* feeling, indeed, may induce you to discountenance opinions such as mine; for if it can be proved that the present generation has arrived at an extraordinary height of wisdom and virtue, of what use are the labours of the SATIRIST?

But as truth, however disagreeable it may prove, is of too much value to be rejected with contempt, and as you must be conscious that any of those papers which your *ignorance*, or your *folly*, may compel you to reject, will be received with great indulgence and attention in the pages of the INDEPENDENT WHIG, the MORNING CHRONICLE, the BEAU MONDE, or the CABINET,* I shall rely

* As it is more than probable that our readers have never heard of the two last mentioned works, it is necessary to inform them that the *Beau Monde* and *Cabinet* are two contemptible catchpenny receptacles of such trash as is deemed unworthy of being inserted in the more respectable periodical publications.

on your policy rather than your virtue for an immediate insertion of my letter. As the many instances, however, of the perfection to which we have arrived in domestic œconomy, in the art of government, and in the refinements and elegancies of life, would occupy more than a reasonable number of your pages, and as the second of these subjects is more important in its own nature, and will necessarily engage more attention than the others, it shall be my present object to prove that the perfectability of man has been fully exemplified in the character and conduct of the *present opposition*.

Those glimpses of perfectability, indeed, which might have extended the fame of its possessors beyond the shores of Egypt, or the confines of the habitable world, have been unfortunately eclipsed by the obstinacy and the weakness of men, who have no other claims to the plaudits of their country than the wisdom of their counsels, and their attention to the duties of their office. Since the Morning Chronicle, however, has had the condescension to inform us that our late enlightened and patriotic ministry will speedily be restored to that power from which their dignified contempt of the solemnity of an oath, and their philosophic indifference to the wishes of their Sovereign, unfortunately ejected them; it will not be entirely superfluous to anticipate, in idea, those blessings which we may expect to enjoy, and to draw a picture of the future from a recollection of the past.

By our forefathers it was generally considered as the most certain way of securing the object of an expedition, to send out such a number of troops as might not only be sufficient to render the attempt successful, but to defend those possessions, which it had been of so much importance to acquire. Neither the Monks of America, nor the Mamelukes of Egypt, were considered as too contemptible or too indolent to repulse a general without a head, and

an army without provisions. It was concluded that a body of five thousand men, however brave and experienced they might be, were liable to be surrounded, and overpowered by numbers; that soldiers were necessary to make any impression on a place which could not be approached by a fleet, and that an army without supplies was very likely to be harassed by famine and fatigue. They believed, that during the period of a great and hazardous contest, on the issue of which our ultimate existence might depend, it was more prudent to employ our fleets and armies in assisting our allies, and distracting the attention of our enemy, than to send them to perish in the desarts of Arabia, or to be immured in the convents of Buenos Ayres. It was foolishly imagined, that even the Ottomans might defy the threats of an admiral who had not the power to annoy them; that the sands of Egypt might be purchased at a cheaper rate than the defeat of our allies, and the surrender of our armies, and that the nunneries of America might be defended by more formidable objects than the willing, languishing, virgins of Ciaco, or the moon-faced abbess of the Holy Trinity.

But if the ideas of our less enlightened forefathers were absurd, and their resolutions feeble, with regard to the means and objects of *foreign* warfare, their folly and imbecility were still more conspicuous in those measures which were intended to secure our happiness and tranquillity at home. The limited extent of their ideas did not permit them to perceive, that the same man might at once retain the power of a privy counsellor, and the dignity and impartiality of a judge; that it was treasonable and improper to detail *impartially* the proceedings on the trial of a state-prisoner, who was honourably acquitted; that it was prudent and virtuous in those who had enriched themselves by "plundering their country," to harangue eternally about places, and pensions, and œconomy; and

that the freedom of election might be openly violated with impunity; and that the obligation of an oath, and the conscience, and dignity of the king, might be treated with contemptuous indifference.

Nor is it less disgraceful to the memory of our ancestors, and to the character and conduct of our present ministers, that neither the former have been able to conceive, nor the latter to display, that independence of thought, and that spirit and energy of conduct, and conversations, which so eminently distinguish the members of the philosophical and resplendent junto. Among all the members of the present cabinet it will not be easy to discover such vivacity of imagination, such intrepidity of action, and such fertility of expedient, as ought to distinguish the rulers of a powerful and warlike nation. They are neither accustomed to elude the enquiries of a bailiff by appearing on the hustings, nor to use the carriage of a minister as a vehicle for the conveyance of *swindled Burgundy*. They consider it as more becoming in the chancellor of the exchequer to attend to the finances of the nation, than to render himself ridiculous by cutting *zig-zag** capers in a ball-room. They have too much pride to harangue for half a dozen hours to the cast-off porters of a more powerful competitor,† or to "waste their sweetness on the desart air," by spending their mornings and their evenings in bowing to Mr. K——.‡

* Whoever has had the felicity of seeing Lord Henry Petty dance, must admire the propriety of this epithet.

† Earl Percy.

‡ The Duke of Northumberland's factotum at Alnwick Castle. Lord Howick (Earl Grey) has since thought proper to declare, that he mistook Mr. K—— for a more important personage, and Mr. K—— declares, with equal politeness, that he mistook Lord Howick for his father's butler! With all due respect to Mr. K., we beg leave to doubt whether such a mistake could possibly have happened, since Earl Grey's butler, (whom we have seen) was really a *very decent looking man.*

They do not consider blasphemy as wit, nor obscenity as eloquence. They have some reverence for the laws, and some regard for the interests of virtue; and though they have the presumption to rival their opponents as gentlemen, philosophers, and wits, they have no ambition to be individually honoured, like them, with the title of "All the Talents."

Such is the darkness of their minds, and such their poverty of spirit! To that sublime and elevated philosophy which teaches us to despise the censure of the world, to ridicule the observance of religious duties, and to set all the laws of morality at defiance, they will never be able to attain. They have too much coldness of judgment, and too many of the prejudices of education, to admire, or to imitate the avarice of T-mp-e, the servility of Gr-y, the profligacy of Sh-r-d-n, the duplicity of Gr-nv-lle, the insanity of W-ndh-m, the foolery of P-tty, or the vanity of E-sk-ne.

In thus describing the folly and the weakness of the *Pittites*, I have wandered from my purpose. My want of connection can be easily supplied by the ingenuity of your readers. By contrasting the opinions I have mentioned, with those professed by the Independent Whig and Morning Chronicle, &c. &c. it will be easily seen how far Mr. Godwin's prophecies have been accomplished.

A CANTAB.

Difficile est satiram non scribere.

Juv.

MR. SATIRIST,

IT is my fault, like that of many others, to meditate now and then on the times in which we live; but I have another fault, and perhaps a greater one, which is to write

verses; I have accordingly, as you find in one of my contemplations, presumed to dip my lips in the *Castalian* stream, whereby my thoughts have issued from my mouth just as I send them you. If you think my poetry or principles worth any thing, they are at your service: as to the former, I cannot say much; but I may safely affirm of the latter, that I believe them to be pure, which is, perhaps, as much as any one ought to pretend to. Without any further preface or apology, let me offer you the following well-meant effusion of

THE FLAPPER.

Curse on the bard, who, with no prudence bless'd,
Would rather be a fool than be at rest;
Who, ever-watchful, misses no pretence
To shew the world his copious lack of sense;
But, like a mad tornado swept along,
Bursts into print, and raves away in song.
Just so the man, who late, with "*rod of rhymes*,"
Stood forth the very *Codrus* of our times,
Whilst Cockney critics thought him "wondrous fine,"
And Folly swore his satire was divine:
Yet spare, my muse, oh! spare the witless page,
Nor with the dead in fruitless war engage.

Sure, heav'n and earth contain no greater curse
Than *Mævius* mounted on his hobby horse,
As indignation spurns the restive steed,
And all he can is but to foam and bleed:
Yet *Mævius* still must write, he has a fit,
And proves at least his hardy scorn of wit,
Nor shews the poet with a meaner grace
Than *E—k—e* aping a Lord Keeper's face.

Yet, spare me *Mævius;* here my mirth shall end;
I would not be your foe; much less your friend,

To bear with you the town's applauding tone;
Take all your fame, but let me keep my own.

'Twas said, that freedom was our glory once,
'Twas echoed thus by ev'ry knave and dunce;
And true it is, we have a freedom still,
Bear witness all ye bards!—of writing ill;
For who but sees, in every page you give,
How free offending nonsense yet may live?
But are we only free to foam and write?
We're more, by Heavens! in great Napoleon's spite.
Ask *H-w-k*, *P-tt-y*, *Gr-n-lle;* all will own,
We're even free to cavil with the throne.

'Tis strange, if all this liberty be found,
That wit alone should be in fetters bound.

Say *B-rd-tt* (you, who are so wondrous civil
To wish all Lords and Commons at the Devil)
To damn the cabinet, what should I do?
Transfer its pensions, places, pow'r, to you?
The very thing:—'twould tame you to a lamb,
And shew how well you loud reformers sham:
And even *T—k* might be a saint, they say,
Though all confess, not saint enough to pray:
Yet *Paull* will swear, (and what he swears I tell)
If not in church, he spends his Sabbath *well*.

But independence live! I scorn the soul
Which *Pitt* could prejudice, or *Fox* controul;*

* Let me not be understood to mean, by this line, any thing more than an empty partiality for mere names: I am very far from intending any disrespect to the memory of *Pitt* by the expression which I have used; for, the more I think of the wise policy of that minister, the more

Must England only thrive, as parties choose,
And change her fate, as monarchs change their shoes;
An outcast faction, blasting all her hope,
Unless the *Turk* she bribe, or kiss the *Pope*?
Our land's best buckler is the unbiass'd heart,
Against each foreign, each domestic dart;
Be that no more, our country's cause is gone,
A factious madness all the triumph won.

Dec. 4, 1807.

Strictures on the Evangelical Magazine. *By* John Templeman, *Esq.*

WHILST the Satirist wields his nervous pen, in pointing out and exposing the empirics who would fain fatten on the political credulity of John Bull, why should his religious credulity be suffered to leave him a prey to the knavery and folly of every crazy-headed cobbler, who can mount a tub after having swallowed half its contents? By opening our eyes to the encroachments of the catholics, and shutting them against those of the methodists, we appear to adopt the policy of that governor, who, during a siege, strongly fortified the gates of the town, but left the walls in ruins. Such were my reflections, as from the bow window of the Red Lion Inn at ——— I surveyed a vulgar enthusiast, who, with an apron of leather, and lungs of the same materials, had collected around him a throng of shoe-making theologians, to whom he was pointing out the road to the New Jerusalem with a vehemence of pantomime capable of making Messrs. Grimaldi and

I admire it. As to the political precept inculcated in this passage, it requires perhaps more than can easily be performed; yet he may probably do best, who does most of it.

Laurent hide their diminished heads. I am informed that the sect of methodists is rapidly increasing, and is by no means confined to the vulgar: I am sorry, for the credit of my country, that this should be the case, for I ascribe the prosperity of that body to any thing but real religion. "It is but refusing an unreasonable request," said a celebrated statesman, "and up starts a patriot!" This sudden metamorphosis, so frequently witnessed in St. Stephen's Chapel, is kept in countenance by another just as sudden, which may be discovered every day in the chapels of Tottenham Court and Blackfriars Roads. It is but losing a lover or a law-suit; an unsuccessful speculation or unfaithful marriage; a statute of bankruptcy or a statute of lunacy, and up starts a methodist! I turned from the windows full of these reflections, and being unprovided with any thing to employ or amuse me, rang the bell, and enquired of the waiter whether his master had any books to lend me: the man instantly vanished, and on his return proved to me that Boniface had been more attentive to his larder than his library, his whole stock of books consisting of the adventures of Lætitia Atkins, vulgarly called Moll Flanders, the Farmer's Dictionary, and No. 189 of the Evangelical Magazine for the last month. I preferred reading the latter, and as the book is not likely to fall into the hands of the rational readers of the Satirist, I may, perhaps, afford them some amusement by a cursory exhibition of its contents. After walking through the usual wilderness of prospectuses, puffing the virtues of cottage libraries, family cooks, quack medicines, and Dr. Hawker's Commentary, the reader is presented with a memoir of the Rev. Dr. Tappen, written in a manner worthy of the subject. We are informed that this rev. gentleman was "considerate and sober-minded," and that "his first performances in the pulpit *indicated* the eminence he afterwards attained." How a thing can be indi-

cated before it is attained, I am not sufficiently illuminated by the new light to ascertain. Such talents, of course, were soon destined to reverberate from a higher sounding board: "for a very *harmonious church* at Newbury soon invited his ministerial labours." The reader must not suppose that the harmony here alluded to has any reference to the bells. Harmonious church, as here used, is meant to signify methodist meeting. These people talk much of grace, but the only grace I have observed in them, is the grace to be ashamed of themselves: the word meeting is now metamorphosed into church or chapel.—To return however to Dr. Tappen. "As a preacher he was decidedly *Evangelical*; he determined to *know nothing* but Jesus Christ, and him crucified!" This cant expression, added to the monkish determination, to shut out knowledge, and make a merit of ignorance, is a sincere, though unguarded, avowal of the principles of that sect, and seems to have had considerable effect on the brains of the author of this memoir. We are next informed "that Dr. Tappen was a very *affectionate* preacher; when addressing his fellow mortals, his heart often *enlarged* with benevolence, and *melted* in tenderness." How injurious is it to the credit of this elegant metaphor, that every substance, except the heart of the doctor, would diminish, and not enlarge by melting. He was, adds his eulogist, "a burning and shining light; but, alas! that light is extinguished!" For which the evangelical author gives the following philosophical and satisfactory reason: "when ministers are best qualified to do good in the world, they are *often* most ripe for the kingdom of Heaven: to *replenish* the heavenly mansions the excellent ones of the earth are taken away!" This method of filling up chasms in Heaven, occasioned by the death of deathless beings, is a system, I should hope, peculiar to the devotees of the Tabernacle. The memoir concludes with a flight of poetic fancy,

worthy the sublime Milton. "Religion herself wept over the tomb of Tappen!" Sweet alliteration! Tomb of Tappen! There is nothing equal to it in Southey's Madoc, or Wordsworth's Lyrics.

I beg the reader's pardon, I had nearly omitted a specimen of the doctor's religious toleration. "Socinianism," says his biographer, "he pronounced to be a cold, lifeless, chilling system—the name without the essence of christianity. In the spreading of this and other forms of *anti-christian* theology, he *clearly saw* the decay of vital piety, the peril of immortal souls, and the desolation of Zion." There are certain sectaries who are so extremely busied in keeping others out of heaven, that they neglect the proper means to get themselves admitted. From the above extract, we should take Dr. Tappen to have been a member of that community.

I pass over an *ignotum per ignotius* illustration of the parable of the fig-tree: an illustration which deserves to be "cast into the fire," and two dull dissertations on growth in grace, and withholding more than is meet. In the latter of which the writer has been (not an uncommon case) guilty of the very vice he condemns, having contrived to hide his talents under a napkin so completely, that I defy the most indefatigable searcher to discover them. The article that follows is of too curious a nature to be omitted; it is entitled an *Extraordinary Providence*, and is as follows. "A candidate for the good ministry," (in other words a methodist preacher) was invited to fleece a certain flock) possessed of more wool than wit, in New England. Among the opposers of this evangelical hero, was one man who was "exceedingly bitter," being open and explicit in expressing his hatred to methodism: on one occasion he made use of the following expression: "I wish I may die before he is settled here." The retailer of grace was successful in his canvas, and on the day

of ordination, before he mounted the sacred tub, his rival "according to his own desire, expired!!" To all who witnessed this scene, says the modest and pious writer, it *evidently* appeared, that, like Uzzah, for his presumption in *touching the ark*, this man was smitten by the hand of the Lord!" Those, he goes on to say, "who oppose the pious ambassadors of the Lord, touch *the apple of his eye*, and are sometimes brought to a miserable end, to deter others from *fighting against God!!*" The whole of this anecdote is of course a ridiculous fiction, and the inference drawn from it would be equally ridiculous, did not its presumption and blasphemy render it detestable. The object of this sectary is to shew that every rational christian, who opposes the progress of methodism, is fighting against God! When will Bedlam be enlarged to four times its present size? The want of a more extended receptacle of that sort, is most acutely felt in this great metropolis.

I now pass on to what is denominated the juvenile department of this magazine, compared to which, the reveries of Mesdames Goose and Bunch are reason personified. We are here told of a very pious little miss, who attended the Sunday school, at Mr. Buck's Meeting, in Wilson-street, and who was so dreadfully burned as to expire the next day; this the author denominates an awful providence! Under the affected title of Evangelicana, the reader is introduced to the acquaintance of a youth, who had lately lived in a religious family, and who, on his removal, had frequent occasion to pass through a street infested with depraved females, but was *mercifully preserved* from intercourse with them by the recollection of two lines inserted in the Cottage Library, No. 17, p. 12. This the man in the Critic would denominate the *puff direct*. This infallible preservative will beat Dr. Solomon out of the field. We are next instructed by an anecdote

of William the Second, who is said to have been unsuccessful in his endeavour to conquer Wales, from an accidental omission of the words, "if God please." The author has forgotten to state his authority for this anecdote, but no matter, the reader knows how to apply it. Folly has, however, reserved her cap and bells to adorn, in an especial manner, another head of this work, entitled *The Obituary*. This learned deposit of evangelical truth, mentions the case of one George Perry, who prophanely fired a fowling-piece on the Lord's day morning, the contents of which lodged in his own body: "notwithstanding his excruciating pains, it pleased God to spare his life a few days, in mercy to his soul, and to the *great joy* of his godly friends. 'Out of darkness light shineth.' Satan lost a subject!" For a more detailed account of this young man's ejaculations:—how he little thought last Saturday that he should be made a new creature in Jesus Christ; and how he afterwards "sweetly fell asleep in Jesus," I must refer the reader to the work itself, unless he thinks with me, that sixpence is too large a sum, by fivepence three-farthings, to throw away upon it.

It is admitted upon all hands, that a Review should be conducted with knowledge, talents, and impartiality; let us see if that department of the Evangelical Magazine is remarkable for those qualities. The writer, in a strain of vulgar abuse, attacks a letter published by Mr. Twining, addressed to the chairman of the East India Company, on the danger of interfering in the religious opinions of the natives of India, and on the views of the British and foreign Bible Society, as directed to India. In this letter Mr. Twining expresses a hope that these enthusiastic crusaders will be effectually restrained, and the natives allowed quietly to enjoy their own religious absurdities, until it shall please the omnipotent power of Heaven, ("in spite of Mr. T. and his associates;" these words are

maliciously foisted in by the Reviewers) to lead them into the paths of light and truth. I shall not here enter into the question of the policy of disturbing the religious opinions of the natives of India; I must, however, observe, that when Methodists quarrel with men for religious *absurdities*, they are not doing as they would be done by. The following specimen of Evangelical wit is too precious a *morçeau* to be neglected—"Such," says he, "is the *substance* or rather the *flatulency* of Mr. Twining's letter." How does the reviewer reconcile it to *his ideas* of the providence of God that Mr. T., notwithstanding his having ridiculed the sect, and, in so doing, touched the apple of God's eye, is yet suffered to exist! With a few specimens of grammar, liberality, modesty, poetry, and veracity, I shall conclude my animadversions, for the present, on this valuable publication.

Grammar.—He discovered so little desire of praise, and was so little elated by its *bestowment*, p. 4.

In the chambers of the sick, he was a serious, tender, and *prayerful* visitant, p. 29. He revered Mr. Lee—improved this event by a sermon, p. 29. His death was *improved* in a sermon preached by Mr. Gaffroe, p. 26. The corporation of Harvard university *harmoniously* (meaning probably *unanimously*) invited Dr. Tappen, p. 6.

Liberality.—In the spirit of Socinianism, and other forms of *anti-christian* theology, he clearly saw the decay of vital piety, the *perish* of *immortal* souls, and the desolation of Zion, p. 6. It is said that the committee for auditing the accounts of the clergy's fund at Baddow, in Essex, have *laudably* refused to receive a donation from Mr. Stone (an unitarian), who preached a

blasphemous and *heretical* sermon, p. 43.—*Q.* Is this a popish or an evangelical bull?

Modesty.—General Lee, who was employed in the American war, is said to have entertained such an antipathy to *religion*, that he left a direction in his will, that he might not be interred within two miles of any *presbyterian* or *baptist* CHURCH. *Wicked men* need not fear to be troubled with the company of the *saints* after death. p. 24. The rapid conversion of General Lee into a wicked man, meetings into churches, and presbyterians into saints, must astonish the reader, who is unacquainted with the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*.

Poetry——

> The judgments around us have spread,
> And shaken dominions and thrones:
> The earth has been strew'd with the dead—
> The air has been rent with their *groans*. p. 47.

A violent concussion, indeed, to make dead men groan!

> Oh Thou, the helpless orphan's hope,
> To whom, alone, mine eyes look *up*! p. 28.

The poet is determined to rival Dr. Watts in accuracy of *rhyme*: in accuracy of *reason* he takes a flight above all competitors.

Veracity.—A new edition of the New Testament in the Icelandic dialect, has lately been printed in Denmark; to encourage which the British and foreign Bible Society have *generously* contributed their assistance. By a letter from Gottenburg we learn, that the copies of this work escaped the ravages of the flames, when great part of the city of Copenhagen was reduced to ashes. Two bombs entered the house where the unbound books were deposited, but without injuring them; and the warehouse

which contained the Testaments that were bound, and which were soon to have been sent off to the bishop of Iceland, was nearly burnt to the ground; that part only escaping, where they were standing!! p. 40.

Credet Judæus Appelles
Non Ego!!

I have thus, gentle reader, performed my promise of setting forth the beauties of the Evangelical Magazine. The conversation of fools, says Goldsmith, may begin by making us merry, but it seldom fails to end, by making us sad. The process my mind has undergone during this task, has proved the truth of that assertion. When I began, I shook my sides with Democritus: I now shake my head with Heraclitus, and cannot help wondering at the infatuation of those who think they are "doing good service," by listening to the ravings of an enthusiast, ignorant as the cushion he thumps, with principles as narrow as the neck of a vinegar-cruet, and a temper sour as its contents. Sometimes that "love of novelty, of which, according to a celebrated critic, "the common satiety of life sends us in quest," demands some extraordinary effort to recruit the pews of the puritans. Then it is that a new pantomime is produced; some cow with two heads, or hog with six legs, invites the vulgar gaze. Now a pulpit Roscius of thirteen softens the tanners of Bermondsey, and now a converted Jew, with an elegance of accent, plenitude of knowledge, and disinterestedness of motive peculiar to his tribe, edifies the sons and daughters of the Tabernacle, and purses up his wry mouth in plaits of devotion. I have trespassed too long on the pages of the Satirist, and the patience of its readers—I must here abruptly conclude.

J. T.

THE REGISTRAR; OR, THE JOURNEY TO H—N—T—N.

In the Manner of Bosw—l.

HAVING drawn a considerable sum from my banker, for the purpose of our journey, on a fine day in the middle of the summer 1806, we set off in my carriage for H-n-t-n.

I cannot tell exactly what train of ideas it was that led to the observation—whether it was that the former events of the Registrar's life, or of my own military career, passed before my memory, or that I was at a loss for something to begin a conversation; for I really felt rather awkward at first to find myself seated close to a man, who had so often talked of trampling Frank, and Horne, and me, under foot, and spitting in our faces: but I remember I remarked very abruptly, that travelling in a carriage was much easier and pleasanter than on a baggage-waggon. "No, Sir, it is not," replied the Registrar, "a baggage-waggon may jolt you indeed a little, but what is that to being tormented by the fool who gives you a place in his carriage?" I perceived that his manner was rather severe, and I added, scarce knowing what I said, that I had formed my idea of the unpleasantness of baggage-waggons from my military experience in America; but perhaps it was an unfair way of judging, for the roads were very bad there. "Yes, Sir," replied the Registrar, "they are: the roads are bad in America, so are their *ways*; I hate American ways, Sir; I loathe American ways, Sir." He laughed heartily at the playfulness of his own conceit.

and I laughed too. Some people say the Registrar is never playful.

I do not recollect any other observations of the Registrar which particularly deserve to be noted; indeed we travelled with such expedition, and our minds were so occupied by the great object of our journey, that little leisure was left for conversation. I must not, however, omit one remark which he made upon passing the fallen gibbet on which Haines used to hang; as it shews how completely he is regenerated, and divested of all his former prejudices: Horne could scarce have expressed himself better. "There," said he, "there is an instance of the necessity of reform. What a government must that be, where the hand of power shall put to death such a man as Haines! a man possessed of *energies* which might have dignified the most illustrious citizen. Such a man to be sacrificed for asserting the rights of Nature! A gallows is a symbol of tyranny: wherever it is suffered to stand, the fire of patriotism must be damped. I hate the sight of a gallows; there should be no such thing in a state fitly organized."

I applauded his sentiments, in which I perfectly acquiesced. I believe Falstaff says something like it to the Prince: "Let there be no gallows, Hal, when thou art King!" I have heard E—e quote the passage a hundred times; but his eternal chatter is like the ticking of a clock, which we hear, but do not attend to: he wearies me with his plays and his actors: I wish he would eat his dinner and hold his tongue. As we entered H-n-t-n, which the election had more than usually crowded, I could not but anticipate the surprize that would be excited by my appearing publicly as the friend and supporter of the Registrar: but I found, when we placed ourselves in front of the hustings, that no body knew any

thing about either of us. I whispered the Registrar, therefore, that it would be proper to let the people know who we were. He nodded assent, and standing as erect as if still in the ranks, with a voice that might have been heard along a line of half a dozen regiments drawn up in single file, he cried out, "Citizens of H-n-t-n, I am the Registrar, the great Registrar, whom you must have heard of. I have till now been the advocate of tyranny and despotism. I have lashed the friends of liberty and reform with the cat-o-nine-tails of satire, and picketed them upon the pointed stake of ridicule. Even this venerable, this hoary-headed patriot," continued he, laying his hand on my shoulder, "with whom I am now proud to fraternize, even him have I ignorantly held up to scorn as a political dotard: and because his table and his purse are ever open to the virtuous band of patriots, I have called him the milch-cow of Jacobins. And what have I got by it?—Nothing!—nothing but neglect and contempt. I need not ask the electors of H-n-t-n, if this is the coin, in which they would choose to be paid by a party whom they had served? And behold me an altered man: my eyes have opened to the new light. I was a *Porcupine* to the patriots, and they felt the sharpness of my quills; but to the foes of reform I will be a Catapulta,* and every arrow shall be dipped in poison. They who have impudently arrogated to themselves the title of *All the Talents*, will find I possess more talents than them all."

* As soon as I could, I consulted my Encyclopædia for the meaning of this word, and found that the catapulta was a warlike engine used by the ancients for the purpose of throwing arrows, darts, and stones, upon the enemy. It would throw stones of a hundred weight, and level a whole file of the deepest phalanx. The Syrians are said to have invented it.

At this part of the Registrar's address, some of those in front of the hustings shouted and huzza'd; but there was a sort of expression in their faces which I did not like: it seemed like the applause which a mob gives to encourage a mountebank, who is making them sport. Indeed I heard some near me say that the fellow was certainly a methodist preacher, boasting of his former crimes, to shew the efficacy of grace and regeneration.

The Registrar now turned upon the ministerial candidate, and poured forth such a philippic, that I almost began to doubt whether he had not relapsed into his ancient love for the house of Stuart, and that the name of his opponent had inflamed him, as if he had been the very Bradshaw, the president, who condemned the tyrant to the block. Horne would have enjoyed his description of the wanton scenes in Lady W—th's carriage. The little pebbles which her ladyship's footman used to fling at the coachman as a signal that the raree-shew* was beginning, were turned into stones in the hands of the Registrar, and hurled at the hapless head of the ministerial puppet.

We found, however, in the course of our canvas, which we began with full pockets immediately afterwards, that this part of the Registrar's address had given general offence, and had been interpreted by the electors into a satire upon themselves. It is astonishing how sensitive some people are. We learned that it was considered the safest mode of disposing of a vote to take the stipulated price as a remuneration for the favours of the wife; by which means, without wounding the conscience or honour of either, the avarice of the husband, and the wife's taste for gallantry, were both gratified at once. Now, though I had money which might have satisfied the men, we were

* See the evidence on the trial for *crim. con.* Lord W——th v. Hon. C—B——.

not equally prepared for the ladies. Besides the popular candidate, who, it seemed, had been apprized of the mode of purchasing votes at H-n-t-n, had brought with him all his officers and ship's crew; a set of fine, handsome, young fellows, whom it would have been folly in us to enter the lists with. We gave up the contest therefore without a struggle, and left the town in as great a hurry as we entered it. I perceived the Registrar was rather mortified at the disappointment, for he kept grumbling, for several miles, about licentiousness and venality.

I proposed to turn through Oxford. I knew that the Registrar had written a deal of what people called trash about the learned languages, but then all his opinions had undergone revolution: at all events he could have no objection to see so celebrated a city, if it was only to find something to abuse in it.

We arrived without accident at the *King's Arms*. We chose this inn, as we wished to be *incog.* and we knew that no one would thing of finding us under such a sign.

As good a dinner as the inn could afford put the Registrar into excellent spirits. He leaned back in his chair, thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, and stretching out his legs to their full length, he raised his chair on its hinder legs, and kept it see-sawing backward and forward with great regularity; which I have observed to be a constant practice with him when he is pleased. All the little peculiarities of great men are interesting, and deserve to be recorded.

While we drank our wine, our ears were almost stunned with a confused jangling of bells, some little, some great, some at a distance, others close to us, as if they were ringing all over the city. The Registrar enquired of the waiter what was the matter, and was informed it was only the bells of the different colleges ringing for *prayers*. "Is not there a beautiful chapel at —College?" demanded the Registrar.

The waiter answered in the affirmative. "Is it near?' asked the Registrar. "Close by, Sir."—"And they are now going to prayers?"—"Yes, Sir, the bell is just stopped."—"I will go too," said the Registrar: and snatching up his hat, he left the room with one of our friends, who had accompanied us on our tour.

I was surprised, and rather alarmed, by the earnestness of his manner. I remember that he had formerly declared, 'that the Church of England, while she was an ornament, an honour, and a blessing to the nation, was the principal pillar of the throne, that he should be always ready to combat her enemies:'* I remembered a thousand other passages in his writings equally bigotted, and I began to fear that he was relapsing into his former superstition. But I was soon relieved from my anxiety, and found that superstition had not prompted his visit to the chapel.

He had entered the inner chapel, where the warden and fellows, and chaplains, and choiristers, all arrayed in saintly white, were chanting their evening service. With the true spirit of a modern philosopher, he had walked up and down the aisle, laughing loud, and talking with as little ceremony as he would have done in the lobby of a theatre; and had seated himself upon the altar as freely as he was accustomed to do on the bench of a suttling house. "But the joke grew tiresome," said the Registrar, as he concluded his account, "for none of them seemed to notice us; so we came away before their mummery was over." "But what could that fellow mean? said our friend who had accompanied the Registrar to the chapel: "I mean that servant of the college who whispered you as we came out, that it was well you sneaked off, or else the young gentlemen of the college

* See Prospectus of the Porcupine, published in 1800.

might have tried, whether the present skin of your back was as tender as that you lost in America?" The Registrar made no answer, but rang for tea.

The next morning as I got into my carriage to return to town, a note was put into my hands by the waiter. Upon opening it I found it contained the following epigram,

The Porcupine metamorphosed.

'Tis strange, the fretful Porcupine
Become a pig, and herd with swine!
No, no, he's what he was before,
He is, and always was, a—*bore.*

.....

A CHARACTER.

No. V.

In the calm shade of Isis' osier'd shore,
Early he caught the breath of classic lore;
Thence to his own paternal roof remov'd,
He rural sports and rural labour lov'd;
And when he left the placid scenes of home
For the loud clamours of St. Stephen's dome,
On country, laws, and politics intent,
A country squire, he sat in Parliament:
Gaining from gaping rustics warm applause,
For game, canals, inclosures, framing laws:
Till, in an evil hour, o'erweening pride
Drew him from these inferior cares aside,
Matters of high concern to regulate,
Reform the army and direct the state.
Now with oppressive zeal the patriot sword
Which to the freemen's grasp the law restor'd,

He forces from th' indignant yeoman's hand,
To grace the hireling or the foreign band;
Yet to his early bias firm and true,
Keeping the scenes of earlier sport in view,
He shews the senate with sincere delight,
The baited bull and sturdy boxers fight:
Yet while no steady purpose sways his mind,
This way and that as fancy rules inclin'd,
He feels his short-liv'd consequence is gone,
Courting all parties, but esteem'd by none.
Now even Cobbet, shrinking from his side,
Arraigns that sense which once he deified.—
Ah, quit the scene, and to the quiet plains
Of fertile N———k, 'mid thy rustic swains
Retiring, change the toils of public strife
For the mild duties of domestic life;
And ev'ry dream of patriot folly o'er,
"Wind-changing W——— then shall change no more."

THE LOITERER.

No. II.

There seems to be a natural propensity in man to satire; which extends, however, only to contemporaries: none but anatomists find pleasure in cutting up the dead.

One principal mode indeed of satirising the present age, is eulogizing those which are past: and the practice is not modern. The poets of antient time had their golden age; and in every nation there is a sort of traditional belief of some happy period when every thing was right; which, as you go backward into the records of time, like a rainbow, or fairy vision, still recedes; and

the voice of antiquity echoes back the modern cry of, "it was not thus in the good old times."

To this ill habit, therefore, thus deeply rooted in our nature, rather than to any particular ill will, I am inclined to attribute the sarcasms which are daily thrown out upon all ranks of society, who suffer by injurious comparisons with the imaginary excellence of those who have gone before us. "Where," cry the satirists, "is the wisdom and energy that used to direct our councils; where the skill and enterprize that led our armies to victory; and where that decency and sobriety of manners, which were our distinguishing characteristics?

Now if we will but divest ourselves of the prejudice of which I have spoken, and cease to admire that which has ceased to be, we shall, no doubt, find that, though we have lost all these things, we have got something in their stead equally good.

What reason have we to complain of want of statesmen, if we but truly appreciate the merits of those who have so justly assumed to themselves the title of "*All the Talents?*" Who promised more largely, and from whom was more to be expected? And since every one must have experienced, that there is more pleasure in the anticipation of desirable objects than in the possession of them, surely those illustrious statesmen are entitled to our gratitude, who fed us so plentifully with the pleasures of hope, and never damped our joy by realising a single expectation.

To them also, at least to those whom their wisdom appointed, are we indebted for an improvement in the system of warfare, of which our enemies certainly have no reason to complain; and it is no trifling merit to obtain the good opinion of an enemy. Some people, indeed, may be still sanguinary enough to admire a Wolfe or an Abercrombie, or contemplate, with proud delight, the

boasted fields of Cressy and of Dettingen: but the philanthropist will venerate the singular humanity of the general, who allowed his soldiers no ammunition, for fear they might be tempted to fire upon their harmless fellow-creatures: and though his men were shot like a parcel of sparrows, by this harmless enemy, still generously disdained to imitate so merciless an example, and resolved that he would have no share in "the effusion of human blood." It has been whispered, indeed, by some, who would detract from the merit of the commander, to extol the œconomy of those who employed him, that, among their reforms in the military establishment, powder and ball were agreed to be unnecessary, expensive articles; and therefore none was allowed for the expedition. But whoever first suggested the idea, the benefits which might result from it must be obvious: as we have only to persuade other nations to follow this example, and then war would be a very pretty pastime, and would still serve just as well to fill the pockets of contractors, and furnish subjects for the vast and enlightened designs of metaphysical secretaries.

It may easily be shewn, that there is no more reason to complain of our manners, than of our statesmen and generals. Irreligion and immorality we certainly cannot, with justice, be accused of. Religion, indeed, has been found to be an article of so much value, that, of late years, a number of speculators have carried on a considerable trade in it, vending it in different forms to please the various tastes of their customers: though it is allowed to be a commodity rather dangerous to traffic in; and a certain great firm, who were suspected of an intention to create a monopoly, lately became bankrupts by attempting to introduce a contraband sort in *broad bottoms*.

For morality, we have so much of it, that every one forms a code of his own: which is certainly infinitely more

agreeable than being subject to a few dogmatical rules, which could never be adapted to all circumstances: and our new mode has proved so effectual, that seldom any one is found to offend against his own code.

Nor can prodigality, or want of œconomy, be laid to the charge of the present age, when we see men, who never possessed a farthing of their own, contriving to live in a style of princely magnificence: and though some ill-natured people call this ingenious *management* by a harsher name, and would confine it within certain *rules*, every patriot must rejoice to see such *talents* privileged by p———t, and devoted to the servise of the country; since they, who can make *nothing* go so far, must be able to lay out the public money to the best advantage.

But, because it has been said that the manners of a people depend upon the conduct of the female part of society, among the instances of the indelicacy and licentiousness of modern manners, compared with those of our ancestors, the female costume has been particularly selected as a subject of animadversion. And this satire has received considerable importance from the authority of a reverend prelate, who quarrelled with the petticoats of opera dancers, because they were almost as short as his own: this was certainly right enough, for though the *talents* of a Ch——r of the E——r might be most properly employed when *figuring* away, there should be something more than the *colour* of the dress to distinguish an opera dancer from a bishop.

But why is the light, the tasteful, drapery of our fair to be satirized? Surely it is beautiful, and, so far from being indelicate, may remind us of the primæval innocence of our first parents, who "were naked and were not ashamed." In fact, I consider this general denudation as the most effectual mode of repressing the licentious desires of youth, who are ever most stimulated by that which

is withheld from them, to which imagination gives a thousand graces beyond the reality. Besides, the charms of beauty are not like those of wine, which are heightened by participation: Sir Joseph would cease to admire his butterflies, if they flew common about Soho-square, and ever vulgar eye could contemplate their beauty.

But what surprises me more than all, is the ridicule which is constantly thrown upon the amusements of the higher classes; I mean particularly those of charioteering, boxing, and foot-racing. How do these differ from the games of those ancients, whom we profess so much to admire? except, indeed, that among them, they who excelled in these exercises were often men of the greatest distinction and abilities in other respects, while our modern charioteers and boxers have much more excuse, if excuse were necessary, for devoting themselves exclusively to these pursuits, being fit for nothing else. To excel in running, however, appears to be the present object of ambition among our young men of distinction, who have, no doubt, frequently experienced the advantage of a light pair of heels: and if, from the peculiar expertness of some subaltern officers, who have lately born away the palm of swiftness from all competitors, we may infer that running is become a part of military exercise, every one who has the welfare or martial reputation of his country at heart must reflect with pleasure, that in future our generals need not to suffer themselves to be shot, like dogs, upon the field of battle; and that, while there is a nunnery or any other hole to run to, our brigadiers will return in as whole skins as they went, to tell a wondering senate how a battle *might* be won, and astonish old women and secretaries with their theoretical prowess.

C.

January 8, 1808.

COPY OF A WILL.

MR. SATIRIST,

HAVING heard many accounts of a will which has lately been proved in a sister country, I sent over to obtain a copy, and if you conceive it to be worth a place in your excellent magazine, I shall be fully repaid for my trouble.

I am, Sir, yours,

ROBERT EVANS.

London, Jan. 17, 1808.

A true copy of the last will and testament of ——— ——— *Esq. a well known public and political character, who died in the month of November,* 1807.

I ——— ——— of ——— in the county of ——— being sound in mind, though, to my own sorrow, not so in body, do make this my last will and testament; and this I do with considerable satisfaction to myself, for, having been married thirty-two years, I never, till the present writing, have had a WILL of my own.

Imprimis; To any one who will take the trouble to see me buried, I bequeath my body, and my soul I give to heaven, where (my sins not preventing) I trust it will be received.

Item; To my wife Sarah, I give and bequeath my most favorite piece of furniture, my *dumb* waiter: a *tacit* mark of my affection for that greatest of earthly perfections in a woman—silence.

I also request her to accept my air-gun, and a pair of *dumb bells.*

To my daughter Mary I bequeath a beautiful patent

harp without strings, and a piano-forte without wires, that she may study the attitudes at the one, and her fingering at the other, without violating harmony, or disturbing the neighbourhood.

I also bequeath to her all her grandmother's petticoats, Milton's Paradise Lost, and my large fig-tree growing in my garden, with permission, in case my house is sold, to pluck a leaf whenever she wants one.

To my eldest son Robert I bequeath my lands, tenements, plate, books, &c.

To his brother George I bequeath my stud of horses, because, as I like him the less of the two, the sooner he breaks his neck the better for Bob.

To my executors I bequeath the sum of 200*l.* each, to be paid to them before my public legacies are settled, which are as follow:

To H. R. H. the P—— of W ——, if, in his gracious condescension, he will accept it; "The Service of Matrimony," bound in royal calf.

To Lord Grenville, my large trowsers which were new seated, but never worn.

To Lord Henry Petty, my fiddle and dancing shoes, with the figures of the new country dances, written on the back of his own budget.

To Lord Temple, my green covered cart, well adapted *for moving stationary* in wet weather.

To Mr. Whitebread, a hogshead of his own porter, which my servants have refused to drink.

To Lord Howick and Mr. Windham, strait waistcoats.

To Mr. Sheridan, my magic lantern.

To Lord Erskine, a card of address to a lady at Camden Town, who will be glad to see him; a very convenient baiting-place in his way to Hampstead.

I have so long been an admirer of the theatre, and have indeed contributed so much to its amusements, that

I feel I should bestow some marks of my affection upon it even now.

I therefore bequeath to Mr. Colman, the author, a collection of his father's works, which I conceive to be the best present I can give him; his own not being yet complete.

To Messrs. Morton, Reynolds, Cobb, Dibdin, Cumberland, Holcroft, &c. &c. copies of their own productions, on condition they read them.

These works need not be precipitately purchased, the penalty being so heavy, few will ever be claimed.

To Mr. Dimond, Entick's Dictionary.

To Mr. Hooke, jun. my water tub, and my flour sack, materials for a new melo-drama.

To Mr. Kemble, copies of "The Child of Nature," "Love makes a Man," and "All Alive and Merry."

To Mr. Elliston, "Much ado about Nothing," and "Tom Thumb."

To Mrs. Siddons, "Liberal Opinions."

To all the other ladies and gentlemen of the theatre, any two books each they choose to select, with the exception of Mr. Incledon, to whom I bequeath "Burk on the Sublime and Beautiful," "Metastasio," "Tasso," and "Sir Isaac Newton's Theories Abridged."

I also beg to except from the above bequest Mr. Claremont, a performer at Covent Garden Theatre, I can leave him *nothing*.

To Dr. ———, who attended me, a proof of friendship, in a vial of his own physic; if he love me, let him drink it, and we shall not be long apart.

———

THE CHOICE OF A LEADER.

The fallen chiefs, oppressed with dire despair,
Met by appointment near St. James's-square;
High in the chair above the rest reclined,
The lordly master of the *broad behind.**
His dexter hand a broken cross sustain'd,
His left a list of pensions lost and gain'd;
Conscience and pride still warr'd within his breast,
Whilst he in words like these the crowd addrest;
"Ye Whigs, whom once I loath'd, but now embrace,
Companions of my glory and disgrace:
The time approaches when the war of words,
Will rage again in C-mm-n's House and L-d's;
Then, doughty chieftains of our coalition,
Say, who shall head the ranks of opposition."
He said—When Petty nimbler than the rest,
Sprang from his chair, and thus his claims exprest:
"My father, rest his soul, at vast expence,
With learning's wings fann'd every spark of sense,
Which nature kindled in my youthful brain;
Nor was his money spent (thank Heaven!) in vain.
This I have prov'd:—for while a financier,
I laid a tax on home-brew'd ale and beer;
And, when I heard the burthen'd people scoff,
Had *sense* enough to take the impost off:
Nor have I *figur'd* only in finance,
All know my *talents* for—a country dance;

* *Broad Behind.*—This *beautiful figure* appears to have been totally unknown to the ancients: it differs *materially* from the metonymy which merely puts the *matter* for the *materiate*, whereas the local situation of the *matter* is here made to signify the *matter* itself.

Thus am I qualified from head to *toe*,
To lead our troops against the *common* foe."
Then, fraught with vanity and self-conceit,
The flippant strippling reassum'd his seat,
And simp'ring gaz'd around. Uprising slow,
Next spoke the leaden-headed heir of St-w;
" Sprung from our noble chairman's parent stock,
A worthy chip of the *broad-bottom'd* block,
On *broader* principles the post I claim,
Whitehall and Hampshire loudly speak my fame:
And, though he boasts his skill in jigs and reels,
I've prov'd my *fingers light* as Petty's heels:
In this alone they may be said to vary,
While these keep *moving*, those *keep stationary*.

" Then, oh! ye whigs and *renegado* tories,
Make me the future guardian of your glories:
Let all *broad-bottomites* with one accord,
Choose for their leader—a *broad-bottom'd* lord."

Thus having said, the pond'rous chieftain bow'd,
And sank into his chair—The murmuring crowd
Smil'd at his pride, and hemm'd, and cough'd aloud.

Brilliant with wit and wine, now slily rose
The crafty hero of the radiant nose:
Smooth were the accents of his artful tongue,
And on his speech profound attention hung.
" ' My brave associates, part'ners of my toil,
My feelings and my fame'—No thirst of spoil,
No vain ambition urges me to rise,
Honor and *honesty* are all I prize:
Else might I claim with confidence from you,
The post so justly to my merits due.

Full twenty years I fought by Fox's side,
Without a *sous* but what my wits supplied;
Full twenty years I hurl'd the shafts of wit
Against our deadliest foe—the PATRIOT PITT.
P——,* S——,† H——,‡ and W—ght§ confess,
My force of eloquence and deep finesse.
And shall a stripling lead our vet'ran bands?
Shall we be subject to a boy's commands?
Rather elect an ape—a dancing-dog,
Nay, rather T-mple, or some other log:
W-ndh-m I own has talents, but 'tis plain
That he has some disorder in his brain:
Though Paddy P-ns-nby can roar like thunder,
Twenty to one he'd make some cursed blunder:
Poor Cr--f-rd's mouth must now be ever shut,
And Wh-tbr--d's *hogshead* has become a BUTT:
Who, therefore, chieftains, but myself is fit
To head our troops against the friends of Pitt."

He said, and twenty heroes in a trice,
Leap'd from their seats to offer their advice;
Dire was the contest in this war of tongues,
And loud the efforts of their rival lungs;
In vain, the noble chairman call'd aloud,
For "order! order!" to the madd'ning crowd:
Fiercer and fiercer rag'd the furious fray,
Dis-order seem'd the *order* of the day;
Till Gr-nv-lle, frowning, left the chairman's seat,
Cried "What's to pay!" and thus assuag'd their heat;
Scar'd at the bill, the valorous chieftains fled,
And left the faction—still *without a head.*

* Treasurer of D—— I—— T——r.

† A celebrated wine-merchant.

‡ A lawyer; but turning horse-dealer, the lawyer was *outwitted*: he and the wine-merchant have both *suffered.*

§ A *fashionable* catchpoll, and a great friend of Mr. S.

MORMONIA.

LETTER IV.

The inhabitants of Mormonia, my dear brother, are very partial to certain public assemblies, called coffee-houses, where the natives meet to take snuff, swallow a liquid like our punch; advise the minister, whether to make peace or war, and speculate upon the weather. Curiosity led me a few days ago into one of these temples of reason, where I beheld a grave elderly gentleman, with a very large sheet of paper opened before him, upon which several cabalistical characters were imprinted. He seemed to peruse these cyphers with a melancholy earnestness, and ever and anon muttered to himself, in a style of great apparent devotion. I at first supposed that he was petitioning his Gods for some favour, and was about to leave him to himself, when he put his prayer into my hands, assuring me with a bow, that "he had done with it." Upon my answering, as well as my confined knowledge of the language would permit, that I knew nothing of the matter; "Indeed Sir!" replied he, "then I will tell you all about it." He then placed me on the same seat with himself, but prudently contrived to station himself on the outside of the bench so as to prevent my escape, after which he thus began:

"This invaluable sheet, Sir, which I hold in my hand, is called a newspaper: it contains a *chronicle* of all the remarkable events which take place in Mormonia, such as marriages, births, deaths, opposition coaches, and opposition dinners, new plays, and old jokes; nothing is too great or too little for its columns, and though it is sure to give me the bile, I read it every morning with the greatest eagerness. When I first took to that paper, Sir, I was as florid and healthy looking a man, as ever stuck elbow into

stomach. I am a glover, Sir, and shall be delighted with your custom. Well, Sir, the writer proved to me twelve years ago, that Mormonia could not exist another week; and by these comfortable prognostics has gradually tinged my cheeks with the bilious hue they now possess." Here he looked into the mirror which hung over the chimney-piece, and shook his head. "But notwithstaading all that, Sir," continued he, "gloom is so congenial to the temper of a Mormonian, that I cannot look into any other paper. My wife, Sir, a fine fat woman—I'll introduce you—my wife tells me, that my studies will bring me to the grave at last, and that she means to bury me in a shroud of stitched chronicles in terrorem: but I put little faith in her prophecies. It is natural for people to foretel, what they hope will prove true."

At this moment, a smark looking little man, with a cast in his eye, a mulberry nose, and a scarlet waiscoat, edged with sable fur, entered the room, and shaking the vender of kid leather by the gouty left hand, "A ha! old croaker!" cried he, "are you alive yet? Why you take as much killing as an old fox!" The shopkeeper did not seem much to admire this salutation, and calling for the waiter, paid his bill and abruptly retreated. The red-breasted gentleman, whose business it seemed to be to make himself agreeable, soon gained my confidence; and, at my request, gave me a specimen of the contents of that paper.

It seems, that the government of Mormonia is somewhat embroiled with the natives of a large uncultivated continent, called Columbia; men of common morals and common understandings would, in such a case, certainly aid the efforts of their own country—but great genius is eccentric. This journal has thought fit to take up the cudgels for the aforesaid Columbia, and draws up three close columns per diem, to shew that those foreigners are possessed of every virtue under the sun, though from all

that I can learn, it seems that the Columbians are remarkable for nothing but hearts without valour, heads without honesty, and legs without calves. My new friend having read to me the disquisition of the day—Well, said he, what do you think of that, eh? It seems to me, answered I, that the writer is a humane good sort of man, who may be mistaken as to the character of that people, but whose motive is a desire to spare the effusion of blood—Effusion of a fiddlestick, replied he; why, he would not spare sixpence to save every smoke-dried man John of them from the maw of their cannibal neighbours. Now, Sir, I will let you into a secret; then lowering his voice, the fellow, Sir, has two reasons for what he does: In the first place, he thinks the Columbians in the right, because the king's ministers think them in the wrong; that may be called his every day reason. His holiday reason is, that some of his best friends, as he calls them (I should rather denominate them his worst enemies) whom he must not disoblige, have withdrawn their money from Mormonia, and invested it in the funds of Columbia; and, should a war take place, will deservedly have outwitted themselves by their short-sighted cunning. "Hac fonte derivata clades!" this is the key to that gentleman's Cabinet of Philanthropic Effusions!

The waiter now spread half a dozen more newspapers upon the table at which we sat, the chief contents of which my fur-clad associate, whose breath and good breeding seemed inexhaustible, read over to me: and truly, my dear brother, if variety in morals, politics, taste, and talent, be a pleasure in life, these journals are most admirably calculated to afford it. Figure to yourself a large mirror hung up for sale at a shop door in a public street, which reflecting every passing object, exhibits almost at the same moment, a motley mixture of jews and gentiles, saints and street-walkers, carts, coaches, quakers

and quack-doctors, and you will have a faint idea of the contents of our coffee-room table. One journal comforted me with a certain cure for every disease incident to human nature; another made me beware of medical impostors: one roused my indignation at the bombardment of a foreign city; another proved to me that the bombardment was justified upon every principle of political morality. *This* made me plume myself on my critical sagacity, in my admiration of a new play; *that* called upon me to hiss the object of my short-lived applause from the stage, assuring me, upon the honor of an editor, that the piece was not worth the expence of lamp-oil. One writer harrows up my soul with murders committed in a sister island; another assures me that it is all false, the natives of that isle being as remarkable for humanity as they are for modesty. I was in the very act of admiring a song in a new comedy, when one paper told me, that it was a theft from Theocritus: a second, that it was pilfered from the wine cellar of old Anacreon: a third, that the author never meant to conceal that he had it from Anacreon: a fourth, that he did mean to conceal that circumstance; and a fifth, that all his co-journalists were ignorant blockheads, the ditty in question being parodied from a Grub-street madrigal, penned by a rhyming parson, who flourished a century ago.

Such, my dear brother, are the waters of instruction which the natives of Mormonia are in the daily habit of pouring down their throats. Nor are the names of these journals less appropriate than their contents. We have Monitors, whose advice is not worth the blotting of a sheet of foolscap: Auroras, who, while they open the gates of the East, shut the eyes of their readers; Chronicles, fit only to "chronicle small beer;" Oracles, whose ingenious ambiguity rivals that of Delphos; and *Weekly* Messengers, so *weakly* as to be inferior in value to those mes-

sengers, which schoolboys are in the habit of detaching along the string of a flying kite. Adieu.

M. BROWNRIGG.

A CASSOCK'D ΜΩΡΟΣ!!!

MR. SATIRIST,

FLAGELANTUS, in your last number, has *done the state some service* in giving a little good advice (which being addressed to a poet, is very characteristically conveyed in *rhyme*) to *little Anacreon* "DEAR *Tom*," as he familiarly calls him, has certainly "a Muse of *fire*"—What wonder is it that he should *bring forth* "words that burn!" *Too hot—too hot. Procul este Puellæ!* Unless the *Puellæ* be ladies (not *vestals*) of the *Convent* (*vulg. voc.* COVENT)-GARDEN—who may draw near and hear *without offence*. But to return, *Flagelantus* has, in common with your readers, *my* thanks. Such a *Flagellant*, whose satire is keen and *kindly*, is likely to do more towards working a reformation in the *poetical and* OTHER *worlds*, than all the doings of the slashing *doers** of the Edinburgh *blue book!*

Give me leave, Mr. Satirist, to introduce a ΜΩΡΟΣ *of another school*, on whom a little (nay *not* a little) flagellation might be very deservedly bestowed. Are you (pardon me) a *chapel*-going man? (I don't mean a methodist!) Did you ever hear the *Tragedy*-preacher? "The *Tragedy*-preacher!" Yes, a *reverend* ΜΩΡΟΣ I verily believe, there are more young girls that have "dissolved away" at hearing this gentleman's *languishing*

* "*Slashing* Bentley."—POPE.

rhapsodies (he is *such* "a DIVINE man!") than at reading *little Tom's Anacreontics!* THE PARSON—

"thro' what new SCENES
And changes do men pass!"

was, previously to *his* being "CALLED to the pulpit!" the *John Kemble* of the N————h Theatre*

"*then* he would *spout*—
Ye *Gods*† how he would *spout!*"

"*Then!*" so he does *now*—to the *edification* of all within hearing! ΜΟΡΩΣ is a complete *irresistible* master of the παθος. He knows how to touch the very springs of sympathy. Nay, let the woman look to it, not the noted *Barrington*, master of *arts*, had a happier knack of *drawing* the handkerchief out of the pocket—only *for another purpose*. Sir, when ΜΩΡΟΣ is in the *lachrymal* strain, he is irresistible. Some of your readers may have heard him on his favourite topic, or *text*..."And the *b-a-abe* wept"—(*babe*) *Sweet sensibility!*

Of all the *cants* in this canting world, *such* cant is most execrable. Mr. Satirist, I respect (*respect* is too old and formal) I *venerate*, I ADORE the church establishment. *Esto perpetua!* But my bile rises to see a wretched, ranting actor of a provincial theatre, whom *whilom* I have seen *murdering* RICHARD THE THIRD (which is something like "out-*Heroding* HEROD!") appearing in the *character* of *(horresco referens!)* a preacher of the Gospel!!!....I remain, Mr. Satirist, with hearty wishes for a continuance of your success in a work which has been *diu, multumque desideratum*. Your constant reader,

JEREMY COLLIER,
Great Grand-son of the author of a
Jan. 9, 1808. Review of the Stage, &c.

* This was the language of a provincial Newspaper. Mr. Kemble was never *so* flattered. † An appeal to *the galleries*.

POLITICAL DRAMA.

MR. SATIRIST,

As it would be utterly impossible for you to give my drama at full length, I have selected such scenes as appeared to me most intelligible *per se*, for the amusement and edification of yourself and readers.

VOX ET PRETEREA NIHIL.

Act II.—Scene II.

Messrs. Grin-vile, Harlequin, and Albus Panis, in the characters of Lord Lucifer, Brag, and Cats-paw, discovered at table, half drunk, and drinking helter skelter.

Lucifer. D--n politics, I say—Let's jovial be.
A song!—a song!

Catspaw.—Ay, Brag, let's have a drinking glee:

Brag.—My heart's too *sad** for *glee*; faith I could cry'o!

Lucifer. No glees? then by St. Paul we'll have a trio.

Enter to them Tom Ego, *tipsy and singing.*

"*Give me the lass that's clean and tight,*
To dance the reel o' Bogy."

Ego. *I* swear, *I* vow, *I* wish *I* may be *whipt*,
If *I* don't think all the *broad bottoms hipt*:
(*sings*) "Mirth admit me of thy crew"—hey, jolly boys!
Let's keep it up in revelry and noise.

Brag.—No lawyers here—Be off—I hate the trade!

* Brag is always attempting wit and pun, and often infects his companions with the same mania.

EGO. (*hiccupping*) "Curst be all laws but those that love has made."

LUCIFER. Be quiet, Brag—Tom's *special* company,
Save when he talks too much of pronoun *I*.

EGO. *I* talk of *I*! not *I*—the truth define,
Who first shall mention *self*, pays all the wine.

BRAG. (*aside*) Among such braggarts soon the bet is won,
I am the first says, done.

LUCIFER. ——————— Done!

CATSPAW. ——————— Done!

EGO. ——————— And done.

CATSPAW. What shall *we* talk of?

BRAG. ——————— Politics let's try:

LUCIFER. Who's fittest to begin?

(*All speaking at the same instant*)

EGO. ——————— *I!*

BRAG. ——————— *I!*

CATSPAW. ——————— *I!*

LUCIFER. ——————— *I!*

[*They burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, overturn the table, and exeunt.*

Scene shifts, and discovers ***Mistresses Fitz and Bucks,*** *as Mrs. and Miss Prompter: the former maudlin and in tears; the latter with a bottle and glass.*

MISS P. Nay, dearest mother, prithee cease to sorrow,
Tho' wrong to-day, all may be right to-morrow:
Pray take some ratifia to quell these shocks,
The *Talents* yet may overthrow the *Blocks*.

MRS. P. Ah! *by the virgin!* that will never be,
They've bragged and blundered on to that degree,
The people's eyes are opened to their shame,
And all the world, save France, detest their name;
How could these lips so foolishly persuade
Prompter to lend such cursed fools his aid.

She weeps aloud, and takes a dram.

MISS P. My sweetheart Bucks despairs not of the thing;
He says at least they'll thrive when Prompter's ——

MRS. P. They thrive! no! Should a spirit from the *fire*
Tell me they would, I'd call that spirit *liar!*

The ghost of an old Whig rises to slow music.

The music changes (Did not I tell you, Mr. Satirist, it was a *Melo Drama.*)

MRS. P. Ah, is that Charley that I see before me?
Black as when living—spirit, I implore thee.
Avaunt!—Stay!—Go!—Return!—Begone!—Nay, stay!—
Shall *we* e'er rule again—eh—Say, oh, say—

GHOST. *You never shall.*

(*Disappears in thunder and lightning.*)

MRS. P. —— I thought so, by the Lord!

(*Goes into strong hysterics.*)

MISS P. (*supporting her.*) Oh, take another dram, and be restored—

TOM EGO. (*Singing behind the scenes.*)

"*I*'ll have a lass o' my ain,
I'll be behadden to nae'body,
Kiss her, or let her alane,
That's nae matter to naebody."

Enters and sees the CAT-*astrophe*—

Hey, what the hell's the matter?

GHOST. (*rising again.*)—— Oh!—oh!—oh!

EGO. Have mercy on me! gracious Charley Fo—

[Unable to articulate the last word, he falls down flat upon his face. Mrs. Prompter, who had begun to recover, relapses—Miss P. also faints, and the curtain descends slowly A-LA-KOTZEBUE, to the tune of CA-IRA.]

There is effect for you, Mr. Satirist! The whole is a spe-

cimen of my melo, and I am vain enough to flatter myself that both houses, in refusing it, did great injustice to the public, as well as to

Your humble servant,

Jan. 10, 1808. BREVIS CURTIS.

ON METHODISM.

MR. SATIRIST,

THE *methodists*, in Great Britain alone, are said to amount to "*one hundred and ten thousand, eight hundred and three!*"

It does not appear probable that this statement can be correct, and most sincerely do I deprecate the accuracy of the calculation: but be this as it may, I fear it is too certain that these, most dangerous of all sectaries, are rapidly and alarmingly increasing. Under such apprehensions I am anxiously led to enquire into the causes that produce these numerous derelictions; which, if not speedily checked, must inevitably work the downfal of our church and state.

I have some very cogent reasons for presuming to advance, that material injury to our religion is effected through the reprehensible supineness of our bishops, and other dignitaries, who are too negligent concerning the proper qualifications of the inferior clergy, and totally ignorant or indifferent respecting their conduct in performing their relative functions.

There are few persons, Mr. Satirist, who attend divine service at any considerable distance from the metropolis, but have expressed their indignation at the shameful mode in which certain curates execute "the *drudgery* of prayer." Many of these gentry will undertake to get

through three, sometimes four, services, in *one Sunday!* It is obvious that there can be no possibility of effecting this with any degree of attention to decency or precision. I will describe it most faithfully.

Most people will wonder how it can be done at all.

Sir, it is not unusual for a country parson to gallop up to the church-yard gates, enter the house of God in dirty boots, proceed to the reading-desk in a rough great coat, throw a dingy surplice on his shoulders, gabble over the prayers without either emphasis or distinction, skip into the pulpit in the same garb, and excruciate the feelings of the better informed part of his congregation, by sputtering forth, perhaps, an excellent sermon, which he was unable to *copy* correctly, or to deliver with propriety: he then *strips off his dirty linen*, runs down the aisle, and gallops away to "*serve another church.*" This, Mr. Satirist, is a coarse, but correct sketch, and by no means a caricature. Still I shall find difficult credit with people who reside in London, or even in other capital towns, accustomed as they are to see the public offices of our religion discharged with the most scrupulous attention to dress, delivery, and demeanour. I need not dwell long upon the contrast, but will only remark, that no superior soldier or sailor dares approach his professional station, in an irregular manner, or without his proper uniform. How far more indecorous is it, then, to behold a priest rush into the sanctuary of the Deity in the habit, and with all the hurry of a taylor or a rider, scudding along for orders.

The preceding will convey some idea of the mode in which too many of the English country clergy discharge the solemn duties of their most sacred employment in *public*. I am unwilling to shew how far the same culpable indifference, the same iniquitous contempt of proper deportment and decorum, prevails throughout their *private* conduct. Indeed, it would be idle to expect any exem-

plary religious practices from those whose habits of common morality, even, are far too questionable.

It is by no means my intention to suggest an apology for the seceders of our established church; but, I must remark, there is no foundation for surprise, if their *fearful* increase is continued, wherever the *regular* clergy are *ignorant* or *abandoned*.

With regard to sectaries themselves, speaking for the established church, I maintain that, "*all those who are* not *with* me are *against* me;" an axiom equally applicable to the established government: and since we perfectly well know, that dissenters from the church are, generally, rebels to their king; the present alarming increase of the former, raises a host of enemies against both.

Hence, Sir, we perceive the momentous necessity for checking the dreadful multiplication of *methodists;* and I finish with asserting, that this may be effected through the means of an immediate and rigid reform in the habits of our delinquent clergy.

I am, Mr. Satirist,

Your admirer and friend,

MELANCTHON.

Christmas Day, 1807.

BELLE ASSEMBLEE CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

SIR,

THE cause of truth and justice must interest every man; we therefore presume to call your attention to a most insidious and unmanly, review (as it is termed) of the Exodiad, the joint production of Mr. Cumberland and Sir J. Bland Burgess. This curious model of illiberal criticism,

highly indicative of decided malignancy, is contained in p. 44 of the supplement number of *La Belle Assemblée*, (No. 19;) a work, in general, of no peculiar merit. We do not intend, Mr. Satirist, to trespass either upon our own or your time, by analysing the whole of this despicable attack upon the above highly respected gentlemen: the rancour of its writer bursts forth in each line and sentence; and it is our object, by comparing this review with a previous criticism of Mr. Cumberland's Memoirs, (in the former supplement) to hold up to public detestation, the tergiversation of such contemptible scribblers,

> "Who snatch the poet's wreath with envious claws,
> And hiss contempt for merited applause."

In the review of Mr. Cumberland's Memoirs, these consistent writers acknowledge their "regard for Mr. Cumberland, and our admiration of his talents, which are brilliant and solid." They add, "that a life more pure, honourable, and upright, before God and man, has seldom been passed." Again, with reference to his memoirs. "It is, to us at least, a most interesting work; we recommend it sincerely to our readers."—"It is, indeed, impossible to read this book without becoming attached to the truly amiable author."—"There cannot be a doubt, that a man more truly respectable, more worthy of general love and esteem, never existed."

Thus far we behold Mr. Cumberland treated with the candour he so truly merits; where censure was passed, it was inflicted gently; and their adverse sentiments, though maintained with firmness, were delivered without violence or rancour. To what capricious and vindictive motives are we to attribute the brutal language which pervades the critique of the Exodiad? Let us proceed to a few instances. "We discover him (Mr. C.) alternately scribbling novels and travels, moral essays, romances, and his own life.

This multiplicity of literary pursuits has too much the character of grasping." Moreover, of his works, in general, they affirm, that they "have simply the tendency of giving us a very high opinion of his expertness at book-making, and confirming us in a belief, that, with few exceptions, there is no man more original and UNIQUE in this happy and gainful traffic than Mr. Cumberland! He will turn off three or four plays in a season, two of which shall be tragedies of five acts at least," (*puerile falsehood!*) "and, as his importunity and self-applause will sometimes prevail upon the managers to act them, he has generally the satisfaction of seeing them condemned!!!" With the same degree of truth, clothed in equal amenity of language, we are informed that "the world does not want epic poems from Mr. Cumberland and *Mr.* J. B. Burgess;" and that "a newspaper sonnet from the latter, and a critique on the young Roscius from the former, will be perfectly sufficient." They then ascend to the climax of their virulence, and exhaust the dregs of their gall, by supposing that Mr. Cumberland would publish, "perhaps a new APPENDIX OR IMPLEMENTAL SUPPLEMENT to his life, in order to abuse this criticism and all others, which do not hold out a helping hand to raise Mr. Cumberland up those steeps of fame to which his insatiable vanity pretends!!!"

In the above strain, Mr. Satirist, does the *amiable* critic indulge himself throughout; and it is not possible to refrain from noticing the *petitesse* of mind betokened in the abstraction from *Sir* J. B. Burgess of his fair and proper title, as in every instance he is absurdly designated by the insidious appellation of *Mr.* Dr. Johnson remarks, that "a *generous mind* never usurps from a lawful claimant, by encroaching on his dignity:" we must, therefore, conclude these men to act either through ignorance or malice, and humanity requires us to attribute their conduct o the former.

You will no doubt, Sir, be of opinion that too great a degree of publicity cannot be given to the exposure of such nefarious, degrading, and contradictory, abuse; nor by any method will that intent be better fulfilled than by its insertion in the SATIRIST.

Διφιλος, ST. MA.

Dec. 1807.

NATIONAL ODE.

ROUSE! ye British brave to arms!
Grasp the glitt'ring sword and shield;
Dauntless join in war's alarms!
Fearless seek the tented field!
'Tis your country's hallow'd cause
Now your glorious zeal demands:
'Tis her altars, crown, and laws,
Seek protection at your hands!

Flapping proudly to the breeze,
Let the silken banners play!
Farewel scenes of love and ease;
Honor calls, and we obey!
Let the servile slaves of France,
Crouching to a tyrant's nod,
Ripe for murd'rous deeds advance;—
We but fear the mighty GOD!

Lo! indignant hosts arise,
To avenge their country's wrongs;
"Death or vic'try!" in their eyes!
"Death or vic'try!" in their songs!
Death has laid his terrors by;
Stripp'd of horror is the grave;
That patriot can never die,
Who falls his native land to save!

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Death has laid his terrors by;
Stripp'd of horror is the grave;
That patriot can never die,
Who falls his native land to save!

Leader of the plund'ring horde!
(Impious desolating band!
Who, with carnage and the sword,
Trace their progress through each land!)
Hark! those shouts thy fall portend!
Chieftain of the lawless throng!
Soon thy short-liv'd power shall end;
(Tho' so short, how much too long!)

Let but fortune bear thee o'er,
'Midst thy crew, to British ground;
And, on Freedom's native shore,
Shall thy just reward be found!
Though hell itself thine arm impel,
And with its rage thy bosom warm;
Soon shalt thou prove, how helpless hell,
Before bright Virtue's giant arm!

Then shall Peace! on downy wing,
Here again her journey speed;
Then shall ransom'd Europe sing,
From the vile oppressor freed.

.....

THE ARTS.

No. IV.

" Their energies roll back upon their hearts,
" And stagnate and corrupt.—

FABRICIA NUNNEZ, in a note to her lively and good-humoured poem on the recal of Mr. West to the President's chair, says, that the members of the Royal Academy " are frequently too ttle animated by true

zeal for the arts: on the contrary, they shew themselves anxiously attentive to all that concerns a different object. Thus, when a question arises in the academy, which embraces *only* the consideration of the arts and the progress of the student, it is difficult to collect a meeting of academicians for so desirable and essential a purpose; but if a place is to be given away, a professorship vacant, a keeper, librarian, secretary, or housekeeper, to be elected, they crowd in shoals in their attendance, and all is bustle and eagerness."

Further, if we look steadily and impartially at the conduct of its members out of doors, what do we see?

Let a publisher, though utterly incapable, from his want of information on the subject, of conducting works of art with any degree of credit—let such a one, frame-gilder, or farrier, or stocking-merchant though he be—declare his intention of *treating* the public with engravings from the *British School*, behold a Mæcenas!—all flock to his kitchen, anxiously intriguing for his patronage: his favourites, the cheapest or most servile, are permitted to roast Shakespear, or put the poets in a stew, and a sort of graphic salmagundi is hastily cook'd up, which is soon disrelished by the taste of the continent, and ere long palls upon the appetite at home. The cooks themselves fare sumptuously for a day—but a long fast succeeds, and painfully reminds them of *the mutton* they have lost. The loaves and small fishes by which the multitude of artists have so long been miraculously fed, is all that remains, and for them they must now return and scramble.

Yet, neither ourselves, nor, we believe, Fabricia, say these things in reprehension of the present academicians. If among them there be some men of more fortunate circumstances than their fellows, or of minds which their

conduct proclaims to be superior to all circumstances; let such exceptions be cherished in the *heart* which must reanimate the whole body. That the exceptions are few, may be regretted by the grave—the cheerful will rejoice, that under present circumstances there are any; while the reasoner, looking only at cause and effect, will see that this establishment, situated as it is with respect to the public, is what it is—of *necessity*.

We have argued *a posteriori*, it is true, and have been led to look into the laws, and enquire into the constitution of the Royal Academy, from hearing and reading the published complaints, and observing the general state and inadequacy of the institution; yet if we had reasoned from cause to effect, and abstractedly (as indeed we have done) from all *personal* considerations, our conclusions, drawn from the perusal of their unprincipled laws, would not have been more, and might perhaps have been less, favourable than at present; for besides the abandonment, which we stated in our last paper, of that source of revenue to which none will dispute their right, let us briefly enumerate and take into the account, a few of those deficiencies, which even a hasty view of their establishment exposes, and the supply of which we deem indispensable to the existence of a British Royal Academy of Arts.

First. Here is no professor of the *Philosophy of Art*, though we are a nation of merchants, and though the learned universities are also without such professorships.

Secondly. Here is no professor of the *Statuaries Art*, though public monuments of sculpture are the order of the day.

Thirdly. Here is no professor of *Engraving*, though it be the most commercial of the art, and has long languished from the want of one, exposed to the innovations and caprices of avarice and of fashion.

Fourthly. Here is no professor of *Landscape*, though

the present, and perhaps the natural, taste of our countrymen, is for such subjects.

Fifthly. Nor is any thing taught here in *Costume*, or the *Chemistry of the Arts*, though correct knowledge on these points is necessary both to the duration of works of art, and to the *truths* they teach.

Sixthly. The antique is as much a source of valuable information to the architect as to the sculptor and painter; yet here is no correct models of ancient edifices, and no separate plaster cuts of the ornamental parts of this art, beautiful and admirable as these are allowed to be, and essentially necessary to the studies of a sound architect.

We could point out much more of imperfection in this establishment, but it might require a wider field of explanation than we can allot to the subject at present, and we have probably said enough for our argument.

What then (we would ask) can the thinking part of the public expect from an establishment thus nobly expansive in its ostensible purposes, and thus contracted and scanty in its means?

Instead of the upright growth of a cultivated society of artists—Instead of the straight forward proceedings of an assembly of philosophers, they may expect the selfishness of commerce, and the crookedness of politics; they may expect the weak and undignified conduct of men, who, in Mr. Shee's words (prefixed to his admirable poem) have not the means of seeing or acting—or if of seeing, not of acting, "beyond the first links of vulgar advantage." The consideration is distressing to us, as lovers of art and of our country, but we must not dissemble the truth—that the defects which we deplore, will perpetuate themselves; for, upon all occasions of vacant seats, the same necessity, and the same narrow and inadequate laws which have separated the electors into adverse factions, and drawn off so large a

portion of their talents and attention from the pleasures of art, and the high consciousness of being elegant and important functionaries, will induce them to prefer for their future associates, such as will sit in silence and vote for a party—men of wood, who must consequently float with the current, to men who would think and act independently, and for the public.

POLITICS.

The Americans have resolved to carry their vaunted non-importation act into effect! Admirable politicians! With what respect and terror must such spirited conduct inspire the British nation! It however appears, that these most sapient statesmen discovered, upon reflection, that in the heat of their ridiculous animosity against this country, they had prohibited the importation of sundry articles which they could not conveniently dispense with; they have therefore wisely introduced a bill supplementary to remedy the evil, and we venture to predict, that before the expiration of another winter, they will find it equally necessary to repeal the bill altogether.

The severe frosts of America will doubtless tend considerably to cool the fiery enmity of her inhabitants, when their bodies shall cease to be enveloped in comfortable cases of British wool; and they will then be convinced, that while endeavouring to injure our commerce, they have in fact been carrying on a destructive war against themselves. We are by no means anxious, that the number of our enemies should be increased; but we had much rather, that these empty boasters should be added to the list, than that our country should degrade itself by a pas-

sive submission to laws, created solely for the purpose of embarrassing our trade, and injuring our national prosperity.

It is highly amusing to read the clashing opinions of newspaper *logicians* upon the wisdom and policy of an American war. Some affirm that it would be ruinous to the Americans, and *beneficial* to ourselves; others, that the effects would be destructive to us only, and that America would flourish in manufactures and riches in proportion as we destroyed her means of foreign commerce!!! Of this latter opinion is the sapient young gentleman who writes political essays, as he informs us, "exclusively" for BELL's Weekly Messenger.

After having compared England and Europe to a brace of Leviathans, "America," says he, "is beyond a doubt the THIRD AND NEXT GREAT Power of the world. She has grown to it by her industry, and under the encouragement of heaven; and we cannot prevent it. A nation of eight millions of people upon a boundless continent, with two immense oceans rolling on either side, which connect them easily with every part of the world which is not their own; such a nation, in the present state of things, is a political phenomenon, and to whichever she inclines, she will turn the balance against the other. From habit, from common growth, from reciprocal descent, from a prejudice arising from wants and habits of the same sort, she belongs to us, and nothing but our own folly can lose her.

"Such a nation as this, war can neither cripple nor throw back. Destroy her trade, and *you* do an essential *service* to her, but an irreparable injury to yourself. She is a continent: Commerce is nothing to her: We must not think every national good to be found only in the Price Current.

"The mercantile interest of America forms but a very

small part of the interest of the whole. There is an interest of the soil as well as of the sea. America will not debase herself for her traders—She encourages them, because she lives, and profits by their industry; but be assured she hates, and is guarded against the well-known selfishness of their feelings.

"In a national consideration she would care as little for the ruin of her merchants, as you would.

"She knows that it is not the sea, but the land, that produces wealth; and the merchant of America, who is scarcely more than a factor, or a carrier of the goods of other nations, does little indeed (whilst his capital is thus employed) for the permanent wealth and benefit of his country.

"Destroy this traffic: cut off America from your supplies, and you drive her to the substitution of her own industry and ingenuity; you force her upon ways and means of her own; you strike out her latent qualities; and, if she once learn to supply herself (and necessity will quickly teach a lesson, upon which fortune and Providence have never failed to smile) your market and future traffic is lost to you for ever. She will have manufactures of her own, and your customer will prove your rival.

"Peace will as certainly give us all the continuing benefits of the one, as war will both take them away, and supply her with the future means of doing without them.

"Let us then have peace with America; and though the whole continent be shut against us, she can give us all the raw articles we want, and consume them all when we have worked them up.

"We want nothing from any other. The tar, hemp, turpentine, and iron of America, are ten times cheaper and better than those of the Baltic."—*Bell's Messenger, Sunday, Jan.* 17.

Most heartily do we congratulate the town, that this young gentleman writes "*exclusively*" for Mr. Bell, and we earnestly recommend him to confine his *logical* effusions to the columns of that ingenious personage's periodical publications, for they alone are worthy of his talents. We must however beg permission to ask him, how this THIRD GREAT POWER is to get possession of the balance, which he affirms she can turn in favour of whichever rival she pleases? As he observes very *poetically*, that she has *two* immense oceans rolling on either side of her territories, but how they are "to connect them with every part of the world which is *not their own*," while England retains the sovereignty of the seas, we are at a loss to imagine.

He first tells us, that America *has actually* grown "by her industry to be the THIRD GREAT POWER of the world:" and afterwards most sagaciously observes, that we cannot prevent it. Now, however we may be inclined to dispute the correctness of his premises, we must certainly agree with him, that it is impossible to *prevent* that which is *already accomplished*.

He is equally correct when he informs us, that America is (O! wonderful discovery!) a *Continent*;—but he appears to have forgotten, that by far the greater part of it, consists of almost impenetrable forests and barren plains, inhabited by savages even more ignorant and uncivilized than the crazy inhabitants of her southern states: neither does he prove, how, "by destroying her trade, we shall do an essential service to HER, and an irreparable injury to OURSELVES?" We should be glad to be informed, how he reconciles this doctrine with the following, written also by himself "exclusively for BELL's Weekly (*weakly* would be a more proper epithet) Messenger?"—"It would (says he, in his comments upon Mr. Rose's

mission)" be unjust, we think, to deprive America of the means of employing a great portion of her capital. The *revenues* of America are the produce of her carrying trade. The very *source* of her *existence* and independence is the *traffic* which she carries on for other nations." (Vide Bell's Messenger, November 8th.) Surely it is rather paradoxical that a nation should be "*essentially benefited*" by a war which would deprive her "of the very *source* of her existence;" but as this young gentleman declares himself to be an "*exclusive* writer," it is very natural that he should *exclude* every thing like common sense and vulgar logic from his political disquisitions.

His last and most awful argument is, that "when America is deprived of her present *destructive* supplies, she will have manufactures of her own, and our traffic be lost for ever." All this is mighty terrific, but we will take upon ourselves to assert, that if her inhabitants have no other raiment than that which is the produce of her own manufactures, they will suffer many miserable years of, *more than figurative, sans-culottism*. Flannels, unfortunately for them, cannot be fabricated without wool, wool can only be procured from the backs of sheep, and sheep, alas! have a natural antipathy to the climate of America. The concluding paragraph of this stupendous effort of political genius contains, indeed, most important information. What blockheads must our merchants be, not to have discovered the *tenfold* advantages of trading with America instead of Russia! Perhaps fate decreed that this most wonderful discovery should be reserved "*exclusively*" for this *exclusive* writer."

The politcians of the Morning Chronicle have hitherto preserved a kind of fretful neutrality upon this most interesting subject, fearful, no doubt, of committing them-

selves, and the faction by whom they are supported. How contemptible, how execrable are the motives which instigate their conduct? For we affirm, without fear of contradiction, that they are only waiting till ministers have decided on the grand question of peace or war, predetermined to oppose them without the smallest regard to the interests of the country.

While government strictly adhere to the wise measures recently adopted with respect to neutrals, we candidly confess that England will have nothing to gain by a war with the United States, but while a war will be only partially felt by her, it will prove the utter destruction of her enemy. America is in her infancy, and if her growth be checked, she will be crippled for ever. Already torn by conflicting parties, a foreign war will kindle the flames of discontent, and in all probability, involve them in all the horrors of civil discord. Her northern are continually at variance with her southern provinces, and this dissension may, in the event of war, prove of the utmost importance and advantage to England, who will, of course, promote the interests, and cultivate the friendship of those states which have proved their attachment to her by their reluctance to engage in the contest, and it is not impossible, that with her assistance they may be enabled to declare themselves an independent nation.

If hostilities be commenced, we hope government will instantly publish a proclamation, declaring that such states only will be treated as enemies, as submit to the regulations which Mr. Jefferson and the congress have thought proper to adopt. Regulations which must prove alike injurious to American and British commerce.

But while we are devising means to annoy our enemies, let us not neglect our own security. Excluded from all continental intercourse, let us consider what are our inter-

nal resources. The first and most essential concern of every state, as an able writer observes,* is to provide food for its inhabitants, and it may be doubted whether the quantum of land usually appropriated to the growth of bread corn in Great Britain, could be sufficient to supply the nation, in the event of any defalcation in the crops; to prevent therefore the possibility of scarcity, we earnestly recommend government to encourage the growth of potatoes by a liberal bounty. These invaluable roots are not only an excellent preparative for wheat, but also an admirable substitute for bread; there are many thousand acres, which now only maintain a few miserable sheep, capable of producing, at a small expence, the most abundant crops of potatoes, one acre of which would feed upon an average more individuals than six of wheat. The poor in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, accustomed as they are to the best white bread, would probably reject this wholesome succedaneum with disdain; but it is a fact that in Wales and many distant counties of England, the labourers, who have all their lives been accustomed to live upon *barley*-bread and potatoes, would be equally indignant if offered instead, the white loaves of London bakers.

Another efficacious preventive of scarcity, would be the immediate inclosure and cultivation of our extensive waste lands, a great portion of which require only the labour of the plough and harrow to yield an abundant harvest. This would also provide employment for our discarded manufactures, and we can see no good reason why it should not instantly be carried into execution. What is the right of depasturing a half-starved cow, or, as we before observed, a few wretched sheep, to the substantial

* Vide a pamphlet just published, entitled, The State of Britain, Abroad and at Home, in 1808.

benefit which the poor man would receive from a diminution in the price of bread and an increase of wages, which would rise, of course, in proportion to the demand for labourers? Or why not assign a liberal share of the divided common to the poor, the produce of which would be sufficient to support their families?

The growth of hemp has also become a subject of immense importance. Mr. Cobbet has thought proper to ridicule the idea of growing this plant upon lands hitherto uncultivated, because, as he observes, it will only flourish in the richest soils. Now the fact is, that no soil is so peculiarly adapted to its growth as the black peat, which, when drained, exceeds all others in natural fertility: and of this description is the greater part of our neglected wastes. Pitch, tar, and timber, are the only articles which our internal resources are incapable of producing in sufficient abundance to supply our annual consumption; and these, by means of our unconquerable fleets, we may obtain, in spite of all the machiavelian projects of our enemies, from our own American possessions, and from the shores of Brazil.

"Britons, learn to estimate justly the invaluable blessings of your native land, and resolve to defend them while a drop of blood flows in your patriot veins."

Jan. 20, 1808.

QUERY.

What is love? a morning vapour,
Flying from the beams of day;
What is love! a midnight taper,
Dying with the hours away;
'Tis the sigh, the infant utters,
Ere it knows the use of breath;
'Tis the moth, that gaily flutters
Round the flame that dooms its death;

'Tis the glow-worm's witching glory,
Luring trav'llers in the mire,
'Tis the gossip's goblin story,
Told around a winter fire;
'Tis the dream that haunts our pillows;
'Tis a castle in the air;
'Tis the tears of weeping willows,
Tears that *really* never were;
'Tis, oh! 'tis, the rose, in fancy;
In *reality* the thorn;
And I've heard a *married* man say,
'Tis the Devil! by his *horn!*

QUIZ.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

WHEN Lord Strangford cangratulated the son of the prince regent upon his safety, the child instantly replied, my lord, there was no doubt about my safety, I am a catholic, but your lordship is a heretic, and can, therefore, never be saved.

Epigram on a Gingerbread Baker near St. St——n's, during the Reign of the Talents.

Such a contrast there is between inside and out,
As a truth it dare scarcely be told;
Here P——t cakes for a trifle are *bought,*
There by *P——t cakes* we are *sold.*

PLAYING AT SIGHT.

A GENTLEMAN who is considered by the fashionable world as a great amateur in music, being at the party of

the beautiful Countess of ——— was asked if he could play at sight, he replied in the affirmative: but on being desired to execute a piece of new music on the piano forte, "*he made nothing of it.*" My dear sir, said the countess, smiling, I thought you said you could play at sight! and so I can, my lady, *but not at first sight.*

IMPROMPTU ON A LATE DEFEAT.

With the Greeks and the Romans 'twas always their boast,
That they who led armies should take the first post.
With moderns see corp'rals to lead them appear,
While the general most valiantly skulks in the rear.

A Solicitor who, a few years back, most *honorably* paid his creditors something more than sixpence in the pound, has recently discovered a most rapid method of acquiring riches, and now sports a splendid barouche. He, in the first place, procures an introduction to a cast-off *chere amie* of some illustrious personage, and having obtained from this political source a quantum sufficit of scandal to fill a quire of foolscap, he encloses the manuscript to the subject of his libel, offering to dispose of it for a specific sum, (amounting generally to many thousands) and declaring, at the same time, that if it be not purchased, he will publish it on his own account. By these most *honorable* means, as we are credibly informed, he has realized a fortune of sixty thousand pounds; and, shocking to relate, has procured an introduction even to one of the illustrious personages whom he thus defrauded of his property, and become the intimate acquaintance of his dependants.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

The Satires of Juvenal, translated and illustrated by Francis Hodgson, A. M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, 4to, pp. 572. Payne and Mackinlay, 1807. Price 2*l.*

SINCE the establishment of our literary review, it has most frequently been our fate to expose the dulness, deride the vanity, or reprobate the malignity of literary candidates for public favour; but we are happy to have an opportunity of proving that we are far from being blind or insensible to contemporary merit. And as the present work, being an English representation of the animated productions of one of the most powerful and eloquent SATIRISTS the world ever knew, appears peculiarly to demand our attention, we hasten to express the obligations we are under to the author for the pleasure and instruction we have derived from his performance.

In offering our opinion, it will be difficult to abstain entirely from the invidious exercise of comparison and contrast, as few years have passed over our head since the literature of our country was enriched by the masterly translation of Juvenal, by Mr. Gifford; and when we considered the uncommon success of his attempt, we were inclined to enquire of Mr. Hodgson

Cur hoc potius libeat decurrere campo
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus?

He seems to have felt how naturally such a question would occur to his readers, and endeavours, in his preface, to satisfy their curiosity. We must, however, acknowledge that we do not find his motive very clearly explained. In truth, no apology is necessary; the field is open to all; and the more numerous the competitors in every walk of genius, the more will the public be enriched by good translations and fine poems of every description. It were to be wished, indeed, that such honorable emulation had not often given rise to jealousies and quarrels extremely unworthy of that liberality, which ought to flow from letters and the cultivation of the mind; and we think the tone of feeling that runs through the present volume on this subject reflects credit, not only on the individual, but on the times in which we live. Mr. Gifford is always spoken of with high and deserved respect, and complete justice is rendered to his talents and genius; and we are quite certain, from our knowledge of that gentleman's character, that he will be ready to confer ample applause on his rival translator.

As some observation on the comparative merits of the two Juvenals will be naturally expected from us, we cannot properly avoid declaring our sentiments; and we do it with the less hesitation, because, it does appear to us that their several excellencies are entirely of a distinct character. The one cannot, in any degree, operate to supercede the other. They are joint lords of the same manor, with rights and privileges of so opposite a nature, that it is impossible for them ever to interfere and molest each other. The ardent admirer of the original poet, after perusing one, will only be so much the more anxious to examine how the striking passages have been copied, and how the general effect has been represented, by his compe-

titor. We could run the marks of distinction into an endless string of antitheses, but a single word will make us entirely understood. Mr. Gifford has paid the most minute, accurate, and successful attention, to the moral doctrines of the philosophic satirist, and has expressed them with all the terseness, strength, and precision, which make common and sensible observations pass into universal maxims: Mr. Hodgson has laboured the diction, the imagery, that part, in short, which may be properly called the *poetry* of Juvenal. He has allowed himself a greater latitude of paraphrase, and more liberties in altering the arrangement, and inverting the order of sentences; he has modelled his style on the best parts of Dryden; and, without much considering correctness in the parts, he has been satisfied with diffusing a splendid general effect over the whole.

Notwithstanding the multitude of translations into our language which this great author has undergone, the generality of English readers are familiar with two only, or at most three, of his satires. The imitation of the *third* by Johnson, called London, and that of the *tenth* by the same author, are justly ranked among the most classical fruits of our poetry. Mr. Murphy's imitation of the *thirteenth* was injudiciously published under the title of *Seventeen hundred and ninety-two*, which, by giving it a temporary character and appearance, probably had considerable effect in depriving it of that permanent reputation, which has often been bestowed on inferior productions. An imitation of the same satire appeared about the year 1800, from the pen of Mr. M. G. Lewis, with the more general title of "The Love of Gain;" but the satire was merely of a day, and has vanished from recollection. Of the translation that passes under the name of Dryden, but which was in reality a compilation by vast number of hands, many parts are perpetually quoted, and

can never be forgotten; but the great mass has fallen into neglect. It were superfluous to speak of the early versions, which were too stiff and pedantic to be read with pleasure, even before their language had become obsolete; or of the literal prose translations that have, from time to time, been published, merely for the use of schools.

No translation can ever hope to rival the paraphrase of Johnson, which has dexterously applied all the facts alluded to in the original to the most striking events of modern times. But the two late translators have laid before their countrymen, in the other satires, a great variety of most interesting and amusing particulars relating to ancient times, which would have been, without their assistance, infallibly lost to us. Mr. Hodgson has placed an excellent prologue at the head of his book, tracing the progress of satire with unusual felicity, and concluding with a spirited wish that his translated numbers may have the salutary effect of correcting in England, the same vices that Juvenal chastised at Rome:

> "Oh! could I hope my native land would see
> Her own disgrace in Rome's depravity,
> And, as I spread that old indignant page,
> Refer the picture to our shameless age;
> Feel but one pang, confess the healing smart
> In but one citizen's corrupted heart—
> Then, though my sighs for Dryden's fire be vain,
> Blest are the labours of my youthful strain."

This is indeed the true spirit in which such a work should be executed; and the genuine talent to give effect to wholesome satire.

After enumerating, in his first poem, the list of enormous vices, which compel him to attack the corrupted manners that prevailed, (but which are too foreign to our conceptions, and too revolting in themselves, to be properly extracted); after avowing that

" Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
Qualemcunque potes, quales, ego vel Cluvienus."
" If genius fail, disgust shall pour the line
Fit for my muse, or, Cluvienus, thine."

Juvenal is strongly reminded of some of the leading and most destructive habits of his contemporaries:

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? &c.

We subjoin Mr. Gifford's translation:

" And when could satire boast so fair a field?
Say, when did vice a richer harvest yield?
When did fell avarice so inflame the mind?
And when the lust of play so curse mankind?
For now no more the pocket's stores supply
The boundless charges of the desperate die,
The chest is staked! Muttering the steward stands,
And scarce resigns it, at his lord's commands.
Is it a SIMPLE MADNESS, I would know,
To venture countless thousands at a throw,
Yet want the soul a single piece to spare.
" To clothe the slave, that shivering stands, and bare?"

Although it is impossible for any thing to exceed the beauty and vigour of these lines, it must be allowed that Mr. Hodgson's translation of the same passage is scarcely less animated.

" And when did vice, so flourishing before,
Spread with her pois'nous weeds the nation o'er?
First, when did av'rice with so wide a sail
Catch the full favor of the public gale?
When sate such spirit on the gambler's brow?
When rose the main to such a stake as now?
See, as around the fatal board they stand,
And shake the dice-box with determin'd hand,
How deep, how dreadful, is the conflict there,
What bursts of joy! What looks of blank despair!

As the pale steward opes the waning chest,
Thousands are gone—but madness risques the rest,
Nor leaves enough for one poor cloak behind,
To guard a shiv'ring menial from the wind."

Of the second satire, those who are unacquainted with it will be aware that we cannot lay any large portion before the readers of a general miscellany: but the burst of indignation with which it commences, is forcibly pourtrayed by both our translators;

Ultra sauromatas fugere hinc libet, &c.

Mr. Gifford here takes the unusual liberty of introducing an image unknown to Juvenal:

"Oh, for *an eagle's wings!* for I could fly
To the bleak regions of the polar sky,
Whene'er THEY make morality their theme,
Who live like Bacchanals, yet Curii seem!"

And the new translator gives the reins to anger:

"Oh, let me fly to some deserted coast,
Some dreary region of eternal frost,
Far from the cants of hypocrites precise,
Far from the sermonizing slaves of vice,
Who seem all virtue in the streets of Rome,
And swell the Bacchanalian roar at home."

The contrast between the canting decency of exterior manners and conversation, and the secret indulgence of the worst appetites, is most powerfully drawn, and highly colored, throughout that caustic and plain-spoken performance.

We shall not enter at large into any observations on the third, because it is so generally known, for the reasons already given. Juvenal has always been admired for the good taste shewn in the lines where he proclaims his preference of picturesque wildness, on the banks of

Egera's fountain to the marble ornaments with which it was loaded by the corrupt refinement of later times.

———quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, &c.
———nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum,

which is as beautiful and poetical an expression, as the whole compass of Latin verse can furnish. Both our translators have felt the elegance of the lines. By the former they are thus elegantly rendered:

"Thence down the vale we slowly wind, and view
The Egerian grots,—ah! how unlike the true!
Nymph of the spring! more graced thy haunts had been,
More honour'd, if an age of living green
Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,
And marble ne'er prophaned the native stone.

By the latter:

Down to Egeria's vale we took our way,
Where, spoil'd by art, her formal grottoes lay.
How much more honour'd had the goddess been,
Were the clear fountain edg'd with living green;
Through no vain marble did the waters run,
But only murmur o'er a bed of stone."

One of the grievances complained of by his friend Umbritius, as reasons for quitting Rome, is curious; and, though perfectly applicable to our metropolis, it has been omitted by Johnson:

—*librum*,
Si malus est, nequeo *laudare*, et poscere.

"Rome is no place for me—untaught to lie,
To praise bad books, and complaisantly buy." *(Hodgson.)*

Which we think is expressed with more ease, though at greater length, by Mr. Gifford:

Nor, when I heard a great man's verses smile
And beg a copy, if I thought them vile,

If ever we emigrate to America, it shall be for the reason here assigned by Umbritius, for taking leave of his country and his friends.

The fault of Johnson's "London," is that he is too much upon stilts; he dwells too much in pompous generalities, and seems afraid of losing his dignity, by descending to the minute, low, and humorous descriptions with which his prototype abounded. The fire that consumes the house of the opulent and powerful Artumis, who is enabled to rebuild it by an immediate subscription among his friends, is related with exactly the same circumstances under the name of Ongelio: and we beg to refer our readers to that well known poem: on consulting it, they will see that its effect is much diminished, by the omission of the striking minutiæ, contained in the description of Codrus, which immediately precedes it, and which we copy from Mr. Hodgson's translation:

> "Less than his little wife was Codrus' bed,
> Six earthen pipkins grac'd the cupboard's head;
> Here a small tankard stood below, and there
> Reclin'd a chiron, of the same cheap ware:
> In an old chest his learned volumes lay,
> And the rude mice ate reams of verse away.
> So poor was Codrus, yet condemned to fly
> The flames of this abode of poverty.
> Reft of his wretched all, behold he strays
> A naked beggar through the public ways,
> Houseless and hungry in his utmost need,
> No roof to shield him, and no hand to feed."

Surely all these particulars make the story far more interesting; they are admirably translated.

The fourth satire, which may be considered as a serio-comic poem, and is probably the origin of the numerous burlesque heroics of modern times, is executed with exquisite irony in the higher parts, and with dignified severity

where the poet inveighs against the profligate characters of some of the most distinguished senators. We should wish to extract many parts of it, if they were not of such a nature as to require elucidation by notes.

In the fifth, the miseries of parasitical dependence are drawn with a strength approaching, no doubt, to caricature, but shewing the *nature* of that horrid servitude in the clearest manner. The "baffled guest" was placed at a different table from his host, was fed on different meat, and half-poisoned with a different wine. The mortification of seeing others enjoying every luxury, and sharing only what is coarse, stale, and sour, is even a more finished "misery" than Sancho suffered at Barataria. We offer one example of "The hungry glutton's crying comedy:"

"Deck'd with rare herbs, and stretching out in state,
A lordly lobster decks thy patron's plate,
Borne by the slave aloft, as if to shew
How much it scorn'd the longing guests below.
For thee a crab with half with an egg is spread,
Poor as the scanty supper of the dead,
Venafrian olives zest his noble fish,
Though the pale cabbage in thy nauseous dish
Breathe out the lamp's strong odour, and proclaim
That the rank seas'ning from Numidia came.
Our empty bagnios loathe the Moorish smell,
And sick'ning snakes creep harmless to their cell."

Over the sixth satire, against women, we draw an impenetrable veil.

In the seventh, where another sort of parasites is described, those poets, we mean, who live by flattering the great, our two translators, whose British spirit equals the indignation of the immortal Roman against prostituted genius, are eminently happy.

The lofty strain of the eighth is nobly preserved. We

have only room for six lines, but the whole is in the same powerful strain:

"Why boast the picture of a warlike race,
If, with the Scipios frowning in your face,
You pass your thriftless nights in gambling play,
And stagger to your bed at break of day:
Just at the hour, when those, whose name you boast,
Broke up the camp, and led th' embattled host."*

The subject of the ninth precludes our noticing any part of it, but the beautiful and affecting lines:

Festinat enim decurrere velox
Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio; dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.

"For youth, too transient flow'r, (of life's short day
The shortest part) but blossoms to decay.
Lo! while we give the unregarded hour
To wine and revelry, in pleasure's bower,
The noiseless foot of Time steals swiftly by,
And, ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh." GIFFORD.

"Swift down the pathway of declining years,
As on we journey through this vale of tears,
Youth wastes away, and withers like a flow'r,
The lovely phantom of a fleeting hour.
Mid the light sallies of the mantling soul,
The smiles of beauty, and the social bowl,
Inaudible, the foot of chilly age
Steals on our joys, and drives us from the stage." HODGSON.

Much as we admire, we could go on, quoting and praising, with the greatest satisfaction to ourselves, through the remaining seven satires; but this article already demands an apology for its unusual length, and we are satisfied that enough has been said to convince our readers

* We are informed in the introduction, that the eighth satire is translated by a friend.

that, in Mr. Hodgson's translation of Juvenal, a most valuable acquisition has been made to the stock of English literature.

Musical Dramas, Select Poems, and Ballads. By John Rannie. No date. (Entered at Stationers' Hall.)

Were there no other motive for introducing Mr. Rannie to notice, the amiable modesty with which he has concealed the date of his book, and the exemplary prudence he has displayed in securing his copy-right, would be no despicable claims on the good offices of such gracious and condescending critics as ourselves. To some people, indeed, so much delicacy and caution might appear unnecessary. It might be insinuated, that the want of a date would prove of little inconvenience to future bibliopolists, and that the contents of this work would have been sufficiently secure from depredation, without any other protection than their own insipidity. Every man, however, has a right to value his property as he pleases, and though we do not envy Mr. Rannie either his profits or abilities, we feel no inclination to quarrel with him for a little harmless vanity. We wish rather to criticise the book, than to ridicule its author.

Of these "Musical Dramas," "Select Poems," and "Ballads," it will be sufficient to say, in general, that the dramas are without plot, the poems without elegance, and the ballads without simplicity. To point out every absurdity and imperfection, would be equally tedious and useless. We shall select only a few of the more striking passages.

The following is an example of what Mr. Rannie calls

Beautiful Simplicity.

"O could'st thou behold me laid low on the ground, Linora,
In the jail of my foe, and in strong fetters bound,

It would move thy soft pity, Linora!
Enfeebled by grief, and scarce able to move, Linora," &c.
p. 37.

We shall likewise present the reader with a specimen of

Elegance of Language.

" I on deeds of mercy bent,
Will mar the tyrant's base intent," &c. p. 31.

Aptness of Similitude.

" I'll———————
— Steady to my purpose towering *climb*,
The *glorious firmament of my ambition*,
Although revenge and death conspire to crush me.
Thus the *pale* leech drains the distemper'd *stream*
Which proves *its* own destruction." p. 81.

Propriety of Diction.

" Yes, I'll subdue her stubborn spirit, *Layton*,
Her indignation like a swelling tide,
Its bounds *outstretching*," &c. &c.

Sublimity of Thought.

" Deep thunder still *rolls on the wings of the wind*,
And dreadfully *flares* the pale light'ning *behind*."

Air.—Angel (supporting Job.)

" The fire of its maker, tho' falling from HEAVEN,
His princely domains to consume,
Amid the disaster, *both faithful and* EVEN,
Unaw'd he'll submit to his doom."

Recitative.—Demon (tormenting Job.)

" I'll pinch, and I'll vex him.
Distract, and perplex him,
Till no peace on earth he shall find;
Make him curse God, and die,
Then to me for aid fly,
Nor *longer integrity mind*." p. 237.

Melody of Versification.

"At the throne of grace we'll lowly prostrate." p. 238.

"The Lord worketh *wonders*
Unequalled in fame,
What being that *ponders*,
But hallows his name.' p. 235.

If his poetry, however, has all the ruggedness of prose, his prose has all the regular cadences of poetry. The narrative of Eastfield, p. 108, is printed as prose; let us hear how it would read when metamorphosed into blank verse.

"Yet I bore all with patience,
In hopes that time at last would clear my fame;
And leaving Sealand to a friend's protection,
Banish'd myself from country, and from friends,
A lonely exile in a joyless world."

Again, p. 142. (Enter Almina) Delamere, loquitur.

Chaste excellence! sweet maid, divine Almina!
Could not thy beauty, and thy worth protect thee
From the rude tempest of o'erwhelming sorrow," &c. &c.

But if Mr. Rannie is, *generally*, inferior to other poets in splendor of imagery, and elegance of diction, it must be confessed that, on some occasions, he far surpasses, not only the usual performances of his brethren, but the expectations of the critic. If many of his productions have soothed us to sleep, there are others which have afforded an agreeable exercise to our cogitative faculties. Some of our brethren, indeed, have ventured to stigmatize these effusions, by the title of *unintelligible fustian*, and have told us that it would be more consistent with our duty to condemn such stuff, than to endeavour to understand it. On this point the following passage will enable our readers to decide.

" As, &c. &c.
Still clearer and more fair
Runs the full tide of wisdom o'er her mind,
Reflecting *countless gems* of virtue *there*."
Rich as she is in nature's *bloom of charms*."

We have been the more rigorous on the present occasion in the execution of our duty, because we think that the *substantial* profit arising from a numerous list of " noble and honourable" subscribers, must be sufficient to console Mr. Rannie for all those mortifications to which the more general diffusion of his book must inevitably expose him. Money is a more useful commodity than praise, and the sound of " clink, clink, clink," the " most pleasing music to an author's ear."

But it is the duty of the critic to dispel the illusions of avarice and vanity; to teach the votaries of literature, that the necessity of poverty, or the cravings of ambition, are no excuses for ignorance or dulness; and that the partiality of " noble and honourable" friends, is no security against the just severity of criticism.

The Faro Table, or the Gambling Mothers. A fashionable Fable!!! By the author of " The Barouche Driver, written in Dublin," &c. &c. &c. J. F. Hughes, Wigmore-street. *Fourteen Shillings.*

Ecce iterum Crispinus!
—— Monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum.* Juv. Sat. 4.

Translated.

Behold again the monster E——n!
On whom the sun of virtue never shone.

* We extract this passage from Juvenal, in the hope of *pleasing* Squire Sedley, who, we presume, is particularly fond of this author, since he has *done him the honour* to borrow from him a motto for his work; we add a version of our own, to save him the trouble of turning for an explanation to Dryden or Gifford.

Disgusted as we have been with the office, almost wearied and sickened by the chastisement we have bestowed on this nauseous miscreant, again he appears in the face of day, and our duty to the public calls upon us to conquer our disgust, and send him back howling into obscurity. Some may wonder that we do not think so contemptible, so impotent an object beneath the lash of criticism: but there are reptiles, which, though powerless, offend the sight: we sweep the lurking spider from our rooms, and the bloated toad we kick out of our path. An animal, that had worked his dark and filthy way through half the common sewers of the metropolis, would be avoided by all who had stomachs to be turned; just such a thing, so begrimed and covered over with filth is the mind of Charles Sedley, Esq.; numerous and loathsome as the spawn of toads, its foul productions float in the pool of vice; but, weak as poisonous toad-stools, which, under the shade of night, spring up among corrupted filth, trample on them and they are crushed.

This libel-monger, this cobler of worn-out scandal, this scavenger Esquire, has raked from the kennel some more shreds and patches, the refuse of beggars; and these he has vamped up into an article, which he calls a *Fashionable Fable*, forsooth! and offers it to the public at the Wigmore-street manufactory, under the title of the FARO TABLE.* This thing, if possible, is even more monotolously stupid than the rest of his trumpery, of which, in our former numbers, we have given an account. We could gain no credit for ingenuity by analyzing it; for it consists entirely of one simple substance: it is only *leaden* dulness, *bronzed* over by malevolence.

* These two volumes of trash, which are sold for *fourteen shillings*, contain together only 338 narrow pages of *twelve* lines each. The impudent effrontery with which these fellows would pick the pockets of the public, is only to be equalled by the clumsiness of the tools with which they would attempt it.

Before we proceed, however, to point out the particular *beauties* of this *fashionable fable*, we cannot but notice the awkward attempts of this fashionable Squire to conceal the agonizing smart he suffers from our lash. We are glad to find that our caustic has penetrated even the callosity of *his* heart.

He begins his preface with a comparison between the situation of a caricaturist and an author.

"The caricaturist," says he, "meets with no public impediment to his fanciful career, by *unfair* or *ungentlemanly* criticism: while the *poor* author, *(such a one for instance as Squire Sedley)* whose *claims* to indulgence are, at least, *equal;* and whose *sketches* are, certainly *less mischievous*, is not only subject to, but realizes, martyrdom, at the hands of *certain* REVIEWERS, *(what persecuting follows we are!)* who, like hell-hounds catering for the dungeons of an inquisition, seize on the unwary passenger *(poor innocent Squire Sedley!)* in his literary journey, and convey him to their infernal tribunal, where self-appointed officers of JUSTICE expose him to the rack; and malignant harpies, clothed in their own dark authority, *lie* in his name, *(how unprincipled to encroach on the poor man's trade!)* distort his language, give *false* translation to his motives, and call the demon-process, so compounded, CRITICISM."

What a terrible fellow is this with his hell-hounds, and dungeons, and racks, and harpies, and compounded demon-processes, a *hell-broth*, we suppose! His figures of *racks* and *hell-hounds*, however, were naturally enough suggested to him by his own situation, so strikingly described by Mason;

> Here on the *rack* of satire let him lie,
> Fit garbage for the *hell-hound* infamy!

But hear what a disinterested patriotic soul this good Squire is.

"Far be it from me, however, to argue aught against *unenvenomed* criticism; nor do I, *personally*, complain of those I, *hear-*

tily, despise; *(what will become of us?)* but I reprobate the evil, in its national tendency to subvert the privileges of an Englishman, whose birth-right is to THINK and ACT with honest freedom, *(HONEST! my lord? Shakspeare)* and whose constitutional *immunities* make the peer and the peasant alike amenable to the offended laws." p. viii.

Who are these Squire IMMUNITIES? Attorney-generals, or Bow-street officers? He consoles himself, however, and his fellow-sufferers, by finding, from the account of Dr. Goldsmith, that criticism was always a wicked thing: and if I am flogged, thinks he, I am flogged in good company.

"Such WAS criticism," he pathetically exclaims, "as Dryden, Butler, Otway, Farquhar, and others, not forgetting poor Chatterton, were *taught* to *feel with every penny roll* wrenched*, from unfeeling affluence, in support of the common cravings of humanity!!!" p. xiii.

But to the *fashionable fable* itself: the whole of which, without omitting a single incident, may be compressed into the following lines: from which our readers may be enabled to judge of the fancy and genius of Squire Sedley, and of the wonderful interest his work must possess.

Eloisa, the heroine, is the daughter of a *dignified* clergyman, "whose living is a clear 250*l.* per ann." (p. 11.) and his wife's fortune of 1500*l.* "was vested in the three per cent. consols, and had been made her marriage settlement." (p. 11.) Now, as Squire Sedley makes no use whatever of the good lady's 1500*l.* (we suppose because he could not easily get at it), it was very kind in him to tell us so particularly all about it. Well, Henry Morti-

* The Squire, if he had pleased, could probably have given us some account of these wonderful masters, who taught people to *feel with penny rolls!* An admirable mode to avoid soiling one's fingers, no doubt, particularly if there should be occasion to come in contact with Squire Sedley.

mer, about twenty-two years old, is keeping terms, (for the purpose, we conclude, of taking a degree) "at Brazen Nose College, Oxford, of which he was fellow." (p. 12.) And a very lucky fellow, truly, to be fellow of a college, before he was a graduate! but Squire Sedley manages these things much better than the heads of houses.

While this fortunate fellow is eating his commons at Brazen Nose, a rich Indian uncle dies and leaves him his fortune and his name: and then "his adored Eloisa became, as soon as form would permit, the *partner* of his affection and his fortune." (p. 13.) That is, though he *adored* her as the parson's daughter, and gave her then *all* his affection, when she becomes his wife, she is only admitted to a *partnership* of the concern; but that is *fashionable*, and of course such a *fashionable* creature as Squire Sedley would not omit such a circumstance in his *fashionable fable*.

The new-married pair come to London, and take a fine house, which is fitted up (in Squire Sedley's own style, of which the *canaille* know nothing, p. 41.) under the direction of Mr. Mortimer's cousin, Mrs. Fortescue, who, we suppose, is the gambling mother.

But now he has got them to London, what does he do with them? Why they, like other fashionable folks, gamble,* are plucked, the gentleman keeps an opera dancer, and the lady coquets with a lord. Well, they can do no more in London, so they go to Brighton, where the gentleman is jockeyed out of 30,000*l*. The lady is inclined to be very naughty, but receives a very pious sermon from her mama, (v. 2, p. 47.) which she reads to her lover, and puts him to sleep.

* At FARO, which, as Squire Sedley should have known, had been out of fashion many years before this *fashionable* couple arrived in London!!

Just about this time a servant arrives, in the middle of the night, from Mortimer's father to say that he is dying:

"With sunken eyes, a scowling brow, and aching temples—he (Mortimer) gradually raised his *ponderous* head from its downy pillow, to receive with a nervous hand the fatal dispatch." (There's description!) "There are certain moments, in every man's life, which are propitious either to the acceleration, or *rejection*, of some important event." (p. 120, v. 2.) There's profundity! That *same rejection of events* means something more than we are aware of.

"Mortimer was conscience-stricken!—He paced the room with a quick step, and anxious brow, *patting his forehead* with his *left* hand, evidently much agitated," (v. 2. p. 128.)

What a fine hint for Kemble and Mrs. Siddons!

Mortimer having obtained permission, goes to his wife's room, (for they sleep in separate apartments, for all is *fashionable* in this *fashionable* fable) and, upon telling her his father is dying, the following very natural conversation ensues. (v. 1. p. 136.)

"Your father dying, Henry—Good God! You equally pain and surprize me: but we cannot travel together; I will merely"——

"And why not, Elvira?" (Ay, why not indeed?) "We have too long had our *separate* avocations—but forgive me, it may not yet be too late to awaken from our folly: If"—

'Mortimer's voice trembled as he pronounced the painful *interjection.*' What a profound grammarian this squire is! Priscian was not fit to go to school to him. So thinks the lady, for she replies, "that *if* (i. e. the painful *interjection*) is most expressive!" 'Wonderful power in an *if*,' says the fool in Shakspeare.

So down stairs they go; "but unhappily, (v. 2. p. 132.) just as Elvira was mounting the chaise, one of the wheel horses, which was restive, made a plunge that jerked the carriage; and our heroine, stumbling from the shock, slipped with her bosom against the sharp edge of the step."

And what is this for? Oh, nothing but to bring down

after them Mr. Birch of Spring Gardens, (v. 2. p. 165), to cut off the heroine's breast, which had become cancerous; and of course, after being made an Amazon of, she could never appear again in the circle of fashion. So the hero and heroine live a sober, decent, and godly life in the country, upon an income of 4,000*l.* a year; while their cousin, Mrs. Fortescue, who had gambled away all her money, poisons herself in town. 'And so ends this strange eventful history!'

"And is this all?" say our readers? all, upon our veracity. "Well, but where is the fable then, the point, the moral?" That Squire Sedley must tell us. "But how has he contrived then to spin out even his 300 little pages?" Why, by repeating over and over again all the dull sermonic declarations that have ever been poured forth against gaming; by an extract of twenty pages from Lord Littleton's Persian Letters, and by introducing a parcel of *Lord Robert's* and *Sir Charles F's*, and *Duchess of this*, and *Lady that*, whom he brings upon the stage, as a raree-show man does his puppets, without connexion or arrangement; beginning every one with: 'This ladies and gentlemen, is the great so and so!' And his characters resemble the raree-show man's figures, in another respect; which is, that they are like nothing human; but they are all the creatures of Squire Sedley's *fancy*, and it is not wonderful that the progeny should resemble their sire. They who love to feast upon the mangled characters of the great, will look here in vain for their favourite repast: Squire Sedley may have taken out a *Wigmore-street* licence to kill game, but he is not *qualified* to shoot, and is besides, such a miserable marksman, that he never even *feathers* a single bird. His brains are like lead, which being hammered, will spread indeed, but yield no music.

We will not paralize our readers, by extracting any more of his benumbing dulness; but shall dismiss him

with observing, that even more than his other *things*, this *fashionable fable* abounds with grammatical blunders, absolute nonsense, gross vulgarity, ridiculous truisms, and abortive attempts to describe fashionable manners. If this be a picture of high life, it is HIGH LILE BELOW STAIRS!

P. S. Mr. Hughes would be justly angry with us, if we did not notice his *Postcript* (as he *learnedly* spells the word) and his card, which are subjoined to this *fashionable fable.* And so, poor little man! he has been beaten and kicked, and all for nothing but his good-natured "endeavours to gratify the fashionable epicure with *literary* novelties;" and still "his duty to the public remains unshaken, either by anonymous threats of assassination, (what is the poor creature dreaming of?) personal violence, however vengeful—or malignant criticism, however scurrilous. The first he derides (that is, his own dreams); the second he will *chastise*; *how?* with every severity of the law: the latter he *ridicules:*" How? Does he keep all this biting ridicule to himself? how ill-natured not to let us have a single specimen of it. Now we will be more liberal to him: we will give him a passage from Gil Blas, which, we think, will serve excellently well as a motto for the articles he deals in:

"Gros paquet de toile verte et rouge—habits de drap tout uni, habits de velours un peu passés."

And in the words of the same old clothesman, he may say of himself: "Graces au ciel, j'exerce *rondement* ma profession: je suis le seul FRIPIER qui *ait de la morale.*"

The Rising Sun, a serio-comic satiric Romance, by Cervantes Hogg. Appleyards.

This *wholesale dealer* in scandalous anecdotes (and who by the bye, appears sometimes to be the *manufacturer* of them) presents himself to the world as a Satirist, armed in

the cause of Virtue, and ready to combat the monster Vice, in all its horrid forms. If to display vice, in her most disgusting undress, be to serve the cause of virtue, he might indeed boast of being her champion; but when, in addition to this, he tears open the graves of the dead, and, like the savage hyæna, howls over his prey, exposing the mangled corse to the view of the passing stranger, we must view him alike with horror and detestation.

It was neatly observed by some brother journalist, that a sentimental writer of the present day had found the pen of Sterne: but this *romancing* compiler, for *author* we cannot call him, must surely have ransacked the garrets of Grub-street, for some worn-out stump of Defoe, Shebbeare, or Anthony Pasquin.

The work commences with an Essay on Satire, and a parallel between Juvenal and Horace; of the latter of whom he modestly insinuates himself to be a *fac simile*.

We are next favoured with a new analogical parallel between satire and the shambles; vice is the bullock,

"Not to be knocked down with the axe, but tickled into a lethargy, and then *cut* in the spinal marrow!"

From this specimen, we should at first suppose him to be a *cutting butcher*, but that, in the next sentence, he shows his fondness for the operation room, and for experiments on *dead* bodies.

"A skilful *dissector* must soften vice into folly, and folly into youthful frailties. He must tickle the great for his own interest, as the great condescend to tickle the little whenever it suits theirs."

Really Mr. Hogg, this new mode of *tickling*, and of softening vices *with a dissecting knife*, is such a novel discovery, and so deserving of encouragement, that if ever *you* should be placed in a *ticklish* situation, we shall be happy to see you afterwards in your proper place at Surgeons' Hall.

We are now transported to the land of allegory, and set down in the parish of Andover, at farmer Gildrig's mansion-house, where we are introduced to his son the squire; here we have a vapid history of the present reign, under feigned names, and a laboured hodge-podge of trite anecdote, mixed with the ribaldry of the stews, and the cant phrases of the gaming table. The imitative style, and the lameness of the allegory, carry us on limping to the 38th page, where we have the first specimen of *sublimity* in the effects of the riots in 1780.

"Men trembled—women fainted—children cried—bulls growled—cows moaned—calves and sheep bleated—horses pawed and snorted—and *Hoggs* grunted"—

And fools laughed no doubt; and so they would all have done, if the London riots had never existed.

In this chaos of darkness, and "palpable obscurity," we are sometimes cheered by some faint scintillations of genius; as a specimen we shall give *one* character:

"*Merryman* was of Irish extraction, and the son of a mountebank doctor, from whom (contrary to strolling custom) he derived a good education; it was not scattered in barren ground, as he had naturally great talents, and a fine flow of elocution; but excessive indolence prevented him from drinking deep of the Pierian *stream*, for which, however, he made ample amends in *another* way. His wit was shining and keen, but low."

Next follow some stale trifles about Perdita, and another female singer, *smoky chimneys*, and some very gross stories about *Mrs. Villars*.

His gambling and jew scene, with an attempt at some *lucky hits* from the School for Scandal, lead us very naturally into King's Place; here are some scenes described, which, whether correct or not, are certainly very improper to be perused by those little misses who go simpering to the library, and *whisper* for the "Rising Sun."

But indeed, to enumerate all the gross depravity which fills up the first volume, would be to make ourselves accomplices in this outrage against decency.

The second volume consists of a spiritless parody on the late Westminster elections, some allusions to the changes of ministry, and newspaper anecdotes respecting a late "delicate affair." This last is accompanied by some animadversions on secret calumniators, neither unjust, nor injudicious; but we were sorry to see them introduced into such bad company.

It is an old saying, "Those who have glass windows should not throw stones;"—but this compiler seems not to have attended to the caution, when he says—

"There are men, from whom praise would be a disgrace, and whose abuse is retorted upon their own heads, by the contempt of all men of sense and integrity."

We are next favoured with the following most extraordinary axiom in *natural* philosophy:—

"Rational observers must have also remarked, that in all the modes and manners of life of the common people, they have generally their senses in perfection!!!"

With the assistance of Joe Miller, he then presents us, with a new edition of the "Fiddle Case," accompanied by some gross allusions; and afterwards with this unfortunate truism:——

"The result was, that the efforts of his pen convinced the rational part of the tenants, that he was a fool, if not much worse."——

Q. E. D. as old Euclid observes; and with this observation we shall close the second volume——

The third volume, and is to be hoped the *last*, of this *jejune* production, opens with a *literary* dissertation

of *ten* pages, on his distinguishing initials of F. S. M. which he had already translated into *funis suspendet mendacem*—vulgarly, "every knave a halter:" but is decyphered by this *Fellow*, as "Fellow of the Swinish Multitude." He then adverts to the old story of the apples and their *companion*—"How we apples swim?" a quotation certainly which would have been more appropriately applied to his own first essay on the ancient Satirists.

"We are aware (says he) that we subject *ourselves* to be charged with being a rigid moralist;"—

By no means Mr. Hogg, write on and fear not.——

"But in return, we shall be satisfied with knowing, that none will entertain such an idea, who are not themselves either fools, knaves, or demireps."

Bravo! Mr. Hogg! unlike our opera advertisers, *you* seem to have a facility of *expression*, equal to your *understanding*.

In chapter third, there is a Shandean attempt, in the History of a *Secret;* a secret which unexpectedly, and *unintentionally* we may presume, discovers itself in chapter fourth.

"But let any minister, or other great man, make the attempt to bribe us, and we should see whether the bribe, &c. &c."

Doubtless if the attempt were made, we *should* see;—but as Mr. *Hogg* has made so much noise to so little purpose, we would recommend to him, in his *own way*, the homely proverb of the "*still sow.*"

After wading thus far through political allegory, we

have the old story hashed up again, in a vamped *melange* from *Fairyland:* after this a third course of *crambe repetita*, in a *vision*, and which, of course, most appropriately ends in a *prophecy*.

We are not anxious to imitate Mr. *Hogg* in *any* thing; but were we to indulge in the *latter* figure, it would be to inform him, that, in spite of his mask of patriotism, and cloak of loyalty, his "*eye askaunce*," and cloven foot, will still be discovered—that the man who can thus grossly shew his anger, or his disappointment, will never be the *accepted* partisan of any party;—and that, although curiosity might have at first occasioned a quick sale, his "Rising Sun" must soon set for ever."

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

1. A Letter to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P. on his proposed bill for the amendment of the poor laws; by the Rev. T. R. Malthus.

"The candour, the INFORMATION, and the *convincing reasoning*, which distinguish Mr. Malthus's other well known labours, are conspicuous in the letter before us."—Monthly Review.

"—The next remark of Mr. Malthus, concerning distinctions, &c. *amounts to nothing at all.* Mr. Malthus seems to have NO practical ACQUAINTANCE with the poor laws."—British Critic.

2. Melville's Mantle, being a parody on the poem entitled Elijah's Mantle.

"Contending wits and satirists may parody Elijah's Mantle, but they *will never equal it.*"—Antijacobin Review.

"We *never should have thought* Elijah's Mantle *worth a parody.*"—Monthly Mirror.

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3. Letters on the Intellectual and Moral Character of Women, &c.

"From the way in which the author is continually foisting the words 'Ladies, yes, ladies,' and 'no, ladies,' into his sentences, we should be led to conclude that he had previously served his apprenticeship to an *haberdasher*, before he ventured on the difficult task of instructing the female sex in the knowledge of their duty. Should our conjecture be right, we would in all affection advise the author to return to his original calling of counting pins and needles, and measuring tape and lace for the 'ladies,' without reiterating the *vain attempt* of serving them in any other way."—Critical Review.

"The author we understand to be a *country clergyman* in the north of Scotland. We recommend these letters to our fair readers as containing, in pleasing language, *many important lessons of moral and prudential wisdom.*"—British Critic.

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4. Account of the Life and Writings of David Hume, Esq. by Thomas Edward Ritchie.

"If the biographer could have brought himself to the obsequiousness of promising to laud his subject up to the pitch of eulogy, which would have gratified the delicate ears of Hume's living relations, he might have been enabled to supply a great deficiency of information respecting the early years and habits of the philosopher; but we are compelled to *approve his* independent conduct."—Eclectic Review.

"It appears that Mr. Ritchie applied to the family of Hume for some authentic documents for the life of their kinsman; but this *they very properly* refused, unless they were permitted to see

the work in manuscript.—Such are the materials of the volume before us, and we confess *our disappointment has been great.*"—Universal Magazine.

"Upon the whole *we are pleased* with the volume now under consideration."—Oxford Review.

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5. A True Picture of the United States of America.

"Nations may be 'written up' to war, and the horrors of the sword may be traced to the indiscretions of the pen.—This sort of language is evidently *meant to irritate,* not to conciliate; and it pervades all the present pages."—Monthly Review.

"The *object* of the work before us appears to us *highly laudable.*"—British Critic.

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6. A Sermon preached at Hoxton Chapel, June 26, 1806, before the supporters of the Hoxton College; by Benjamin Cracknel, A. M.

"—The accounts here given, and other considerations that are offered to the reader, may be pursued *with some advantage.*"—Monthly Review.

"This sermon may be read *with advantage* by men of all churches.'—Oxford Review; April 1, 1807.*

"This discourse contains many *proper remarks,* &c.—But language like the following ILL BECOMES any place of public speaking, and especially a pulpit."—British Critic.

"We are very doubtful whether the Hoxton academy will ever produce any distinguished character. Too much of the Huntingdon slang is adopted in this seminary, to be productive of any good effects. Piety is supposed to consist in extempore prayers; and learning, in a string of quotations from the scriptures: of this the sermon before us affords AMPLE ILLUSTRATION."—Critical Review.

"In this sermon we see nothing either to *praise* or BLAME."—Oxford Review (again); May 1, 1807.*

* This sermon is noticed separately in the above *two* successive numbers of the Oxford Review. Besides the usual comparison of criticisms, the reader may compare these two articles *with each other.*—SATIRIST.

7. The Exodiad, a poem; by the author of Calvary and Richard the first. Part 1.

"—This is a *fine picture* vigorously represented.—The passages here cited, are both of *high poetical merit;* and such as *no poet, however eminent,* could be offended at having ascribed to him.—The appearance of a demon to Koragh is *very finely* conceived and written. The *dignified simplicity* in the relation of the vision of the burning bush, is as remarkable as any thing we have seen in the poem: it seems as if the account could not be delivered in plainer terms, and yet the *harmony and elevation of poetry* are never wanting. We find the *diction* in general admirably adapted to the subject; *grand and magnificent* when the images demand it; and in parts which do not properly admit of ornament, *elegantly simple.* It is *not often* that the poets fall into a *style* which can be called *prosaic.* The blemishes which we have observed in our perusal are very few; and, compared with the VARIOUS BEAUTIES of the poem, perfectly trifling. We shall expect with pleasure the conclusion of this ANIMATED poem."—British Critic.

"—The narrative that follows this delineation is *extremely elegant* in all, and in some parts *highly poetical.*—This though a horrid, is a MOST BEAUTIFUL poetical part of the work.—The, *language* of the poem is *elegant* and *harmonious,* the scenery picturesque, and the images, in many instances, sublime."—European Magazine.

" Mr. Cumberland, who has blazed forth as a genius, must lose renown by the production of a work which has NO BEAUTIES. We would willingly give some passages which might display the *merits* of the *style,* but we have searched for such passages *in vain.*"—Beau Monde.

" The talent for reducing the artless *sublimity* of divine truths into *prosaic metre,* is here preserved. Of the share which each author has written, we have no guide to inform us: it is, however, of little moment; for the BEAUTIES are SO SPARINGLY scattered, they are scarcely worth contending for. The third and fourth books are, what may be said of the whole of the work, EXTREMELY DULL and *prosaic.*"—Monthly Mirror.

3. The family Shakspeare

"An edition of this kind was certainly *very much wanting*."—Anti-jacobin Review.

"*All admirers of Shakspeare* must be aware, that such a castrated selection of plays *has long been desirable*."—Monthly Review.

"There are doubtless *squeamish people* to whom these mutilations will be acceptable. In printing from Beaumont and Fletcher, such a process would have been necessary: Shakspeare, we should think, *might have escaped*."—British Critic.

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9. The Destiny of the German Empire; by J. Bicheno, A. M.

"For zeal, research, and *ingenuity*, we give Mr. Bicheno full credit."—Eclectic Review.

"—What *ridiculous trifling*.—Monthly Review.

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10. Great and Good Deeds of Danes, Norwegians, and Holstenians; collected by Ove Malling.

"From the extracts we have made, our readers will perceive that this volume promises a *considerable* fund of *entertainment*, which is conveyed in *correct*, and sometimes even ANIMATED language that does honour to the translator, who, we understand, is not a native of England but of Denmark."—Anti-jacobin Review.

"We have derived but a *very scanty* portion either of *pleasure* or instruction from the present performance. The reader who is best disposed to be pleased will not read much before he yawns over the INSIPIDITY of the page."—Critical Review.

"Many *blunders in grammar* and punctuation may be corrected.—Eclectic Review.

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11. An Examination of the passages contained in the Gospels, &c. respecting the person of Jesus. By J. Smith.

"Mr. Smith *examines with diligence, states evidence with fairness*, reasons without vehemence, and offers his opinions without dogmatism."—Monthly Review.

"In going over the gospels, our author *omits many passages* which have been alleged for the divinity of Christ. An author, who writes 'for the satisfaction of his own mind, must read

both sides of the question, but Mr. Smith *cannot have done this.*" —Electic Review.

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12 The Triumphs of Petrarch; translated into English verse by the Rev. Henry Boyd, A. M.

"This work is equally creditable to the moral and to the *literary taste* of Mr. Boyd, and will serve to *advance his fame* as an accomplished scholar and an *excellent poet.* In the Trionfi of Petrarch, the *imagination* is employed to correct and corroborate, not to mislead and enfeeble, the judgment. Triteness of sentiment Mr. Boyd has adorned with *elegance of style* and *fluency of versification*: not a single *beauty is lost.* To whatever *height* Petrarch rises, his present translation *rises* with him, and sometimes *soars* above him. The work possesses *charms* sufficient to attract and absorb our attention. This translation is more diffuse than the original; but the *diction* is more *elevated*, and the *imagery* more *refined.* To the admirers of English poetry we can safely recommend this volume, for its *indisputable superiority* over the fleeting productions of the day. We rarely meet with more *beautiful description* than that of Petrarch's passion for his Laura, or more *affecting* than that of her last moments. Whoever has an *ear* for the 'concord of sweet sounds,' must be *captivated* by such a passage as this. The conference with Laura after death is *variously and highly interesting.* The reflections of Petrarch on his past life, form a *most impressive lesson* for the youthful and the vain.—The subtle fallacies of hope are thus *finely* contrasted with the rational arguments of wisdom. In short, our language supplies us with very few translations that have more the *air of originality* than this: *without obscurity*, and *without embarrassment*, the rhyme flows, and the sentiments succeed each other, with all the vehemence and rapidity of *genuine enthusiasm.* We shall soon expect to see another edition of this *interesting work.*"—Oxford Review.*

"The *insipid pedantry* of the original is equalled only by the *prosaic flatness* of the translation."—Critical Review.

* It is our constant and studious endeavour to make our quotations short, for the sake of point; but we hope our readers will excuse us for deviating from our general practice on this occasion; as the above extract, *with that to which it is coupled*, forms an unique, even in our *cabinet of curiosities.*—SATIRIST.

THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

We have one duty to fulfil to our readers, which we have for a long time promised, and which, for want of room, we are even now obliged, in part, to postpone; we mean our strictures on a Sunday paper called the *Review*. The theatrical editor of this journal, finding that the scurrility of the News brought that work into some notice, determined not to be behind hand in abuse, and therefore, in defiance of common truth and common English, he has endeavoured to mangle, indiscriminately, the reputation of every author and actor, who, by any misfortune, chanced to come under his notice.

These invectives might perhaps have had some effect upon his readers, who, in good truth, are but a slender part of the community; but the gross ignorance, mingled with the excessive impudence of his critiques, destroyed all allusion; vulgarity and nonsense spoke for themselves, and displayed their contemptible author in his true colours.

To direct the public taste, to point out defects in performances, to recommend alterations and suggest improvements, requires no small share of judgment and ability. What then will our readers think of these criticisms, when we inform them, that they are the productions of an ignorant illiterate *ale-house-keeper* in the vicinity of the theatre, whose sum total of literary qualifications, is the being able to keep a reckoning for porter, ale, and tobacco.

These are your critics, ye frequenters of playhouses—these are the men who decry actors and authors, because they refuse to give them admissions to the theatres—these are the men whose judgments you follow, and by whose opinions you are deluded; discard the stupid hypocrites, see with your own eyes, condemn or applaud as your feelings dictate, and you will, nine times out of ten, be nearer the line of right, than you will by attending to the prejudiced nonsense which teems in the venal columns of daily and weekly Journals.

The journeyman critic of "*Bell's Weekly Messenger*," has also adopted this fashionable mode of obtaining popularity by indiscriminate abuse, but this can be easily accounted for: a disappointed author, condemned by the unanimous suffrages of a crowded audience, cannot bear that any body else should succeed. If conceit and impudence, self-sufficiency and impertinence, give claims to attention, no man is more worthy to be followed, than the theatrical editor of the Weekly Messenger. His perfect confidence of success, when he himself brought forward the most ridiculous attempt at a play that ever was beheld, accounts for the bitterness of his spleen when it failed; and, we conceive nothing can speak plainer than this does, in support of our arguments against attending to the theatrical criticism of newspapers.

A man to judge fairly should be only judge.—If he is a party concerned, if he writes for the stage, it is not probable that he can be an impartial critic.

We have been most grossly abused in the "Cabinet," for our censure of Mrs. Litchfield, in the theatrical department. We can assure the editor of that work, that we were not influenced against that lady by any private motives, but that it WAS, and IS, our general opinion, that a more ordinary and unpleasing actress never did appear before the public; we repeat that opinion again, to prove we are not to be *terrified* into silence. The conductor of the Cabinet has tried that mode upon *managers*, but without success; and he will find it will fail as completely with the conductors of the *Satirist*, as it did with *Mr. Kemble*—he will no doubt understand us:—we shall be firm to our trust, and neither his *monstrous* abuse nor his *monstrous* falsehoods, will prevent us from speaking freely of *bad actresses* and their *ignorant husbands*, when

their follies or vulgarities obtrude themselves upon our notice.

OPERA-HOUSE.

Madame Catalani having agreed to accept a hundred pounds each night of her performance, instead of a regular guaranteed salary; this theatre opened in the beginning of the month, with the serious opera of *Semiramide*. As this piece was so frequently performed during the last season, it would be useless to analize its merits.

Catalani shone with undiminished lustre, and we have no hesitation in declaring that, considered in the united characters of an actress and a singer, her equal has never been witnessed on our Italian stage; but the novelty of her talents exists no longer, and the public are not to be satisfied with the single attractions of any individual, however splendid they may be.

It is impossible for any body to admire the several beauties and excellencies of this enchanting songstress, more than ourselves; but when we hear her exquisite and brilliant tones, blended with the tasteless and inaminate notes of Righi, the harsh growl of Rovidino, or the coarse bark of Braghetti, we always quit the theatre in disgust.

Mr. Taylor appears to us to be resolved to ruin, not only himself (which he will not find difficult) but the concern; and both will be inevitably effected by his impolitic opposition to Mr. Waters, who had engaged performers that would have given universal satisfaction. The dispute between these two gentlemen was referred to arbitration; and the arbitrators having decided in favour of the latter, Mr T. most *honorably* refused to submit to their award. Mr. Waters has however cautioned the public against paying their subscriptions to *unauthorised persons*; and we do not think, that even the most thoughtless of our nobility will consent to advance between two and three hundred pounds for their boxes, in the present uncertain state of affairs.

We are totally unconnected with both parties, but we know that *Mr. Waters* is a man of respectability, principle, and property, and to such only should the management be entrusted.

The house was very thinly attended on the first night of performance, and the principal part of the pit company (notwithstanding Mons. D'Egville's terrific edict) consisted of ladies, "*whose appearance is better understood than expressed.*"

Catalani has since appeared in the comic opera of "*La Frascatana*," but we must candidly confess (in opposition to the venal assertions of newspaper critics) without adding to her reputation.

Signora Woolrich, who is a bad substitute for Miss Griglietti, is the only novelty we have hitherto witnessed: but we understand, that the delicate Madame Dusek is this week to make her appearance in a new opera, and to assume the character of the *athletic* Trojan Hero,

"Who from the flames of Troy the
old Anchises bore!"

We have not yet heard if the Signior *Rovidino* is to play the *little Ascanius*.

COVENT GARDEN.

At this season of the year, for the purpose of gratifying the little masters and misses from boarding-schools, common sense is almost totally driven from the stage, and buffoonery and nonsense suffered to usurp its place.

To criticise the trash, and absurdity that is forced upon the town in the shape of a Christmas pantomime, is perhaps to be too severe; but we do it from a desire, if possible, to explode the species of entertainment from regular theatres. In a city like London, there are naturally a prodigious number of fools, who are delighted at seeing one man twist his head upon his shoulders, or another walk upon his nose instead of his feet.

For the edification of such personages, let there be erected some booth during the holidays, where Mr. Bologna may be entertaining, and Mr. Grimaldi facetious, without polluting the boards of a theatre with their absurdities; without driving the excellent farces of Murphy, Foote, and Garrick, into the shades: and without tiring the patience of the town, by grinning like idiots,

with their faces chalked, tumbling over one another, or talking nonsense whenever they have an opportunity

Of the heterogenous performance called "*Harlequin in his Element*, we really speak in terms of astonishment, for any thing so *wonderfully* stupid never did we behold. The assembly of the elements is *pretty and classical*. AIR comes down in a long *pudding-bag*; WATER (personified by a very plump lady) skips in from behind a tree; EARTH comes out of a *box*; and fire is pushed up a *trap door*.

AIR is particularly entertaining in singing little songs—*airs*—which is natural enough; but the introductory speech of the sublime genius of heat, savours a little of the bathos, for FIRE makes a *pun* on his entree, by observing,

"This is a *burning* shame."

We applaud Mr. Dibdin for this; and if all the puns he ever made had been consigned to the same *gentleman* many years ago, the town would have had no great loss by the conflagration.

Mr. FIRE burns the flowers which are growing; and then the other elements restore them. Then harlequin comes out of a box, and by means of a black stick stuck under his side, is pushed up without moving his legs, which John Bull thinking very wonderful, never fails to applaud. FIRE is then left, like Macbeth, between Lucy and Polly, standing between EARTH and AIR; WATER is jealous, and he in recitative observes,

"This puffs me up---that *puts me out.*"

At last harlequin jumps about, FIRE goes away, EARTH gets into her box, AIR fills the PUDDING-bag, and WATER, squirting out of a conduit, runs about the stage in great plenty.

The pantomime then begins: and to trace its absurdities through the whole of the performance, would tire the patience of Job. Master Smalley, with a voice which has neither sweetness, nor any thing else but compass to recommend it, sings a dull song without a tune, which, whether he is encored or no, he always favours the audience with twice, at the suggestion of the leader of the band, Mr. Ware, who is the composer of it, and who, strange to say, loves *his own music!*

Miss Adams, who is the novelty of the piece, performs Columbine, with *prodigious* activity. She is a pretty actress, independent of her dancing, and may, probably, in good time, *sport a coronet*. Her sisters dance a *pas trois* in the course of the piece with great activity; they are all clever girls, but it is astonishing what different *sized legs* they have.

Some *changes*, as they are called, occur in the piece. Mr. Grimaldi, though a very clever clown, should learn to discriminate between comicality and impudence: elated by the applause he hears bestowed upon himself (in common with men of sense) he forgets what is due to the audience who tolerate his absurdities. He is a clown—let him remain so!---at Sadler's Wells, if it would please fate so to ordain. We had rather see Lewis, Fawcett, and Munden in their favourite parts in farces, than this redoubted hero with all his dislocations; and we are apt to suppose, that there are a great many others in this town of a similar opinion. The run of Mother Goose was an eternal disgrace to common sense, but the run of "*Harlequin in his Element*" for six nights, is a greater.

The comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing* has been played here. Lewis, in *Benedict*, was every thing the town could desire; lively, animated, elegant, and brilliant. This charming actor, seems every night to add new laurels to his well-earned wreath; for vivacity and bustle he is unrivalled.

Munden's *Dogberry*, was quaint, dry, and affective: he is a great actor. In the scene where Mr. Claremont, as *Boachis*, enacted the drunken man, he was rich beyond description.

Mr. Claremont's efforts were not so successful; he affected inebriety ---in *sober sadness* yea---and so many horrible faces did he display upon the occasion, that we imagined Grimaldi had been taken ill, and that he was rehearsing for the clown. This Mr. Claremont is really an unhappy being: for, whenever he attempts to be serious, he is always ridiculous; and when he wishes to be excessively comic, he never excites any smile but that of contempt.

A Mr. Oxberry, whom we mentioned as having appeared in Robin Roughhead, played one of the guardians of the night: it would be certainly an excellent plan to procure *such* watchmen to be nocturnal guardians, for if their faces were displayed, the boldest thief in England would be terrified from his booty.

The chief attraction of the night was Mrs. H. Johnson's Beatrice, not so much from the novelty of her performing the part, but on account of a supposed opposition which certain newspaper scribblers had endeavoured to excite.

Mrs. Johnson was very much affected on her entrée, but the slight disapprobation of a few hirelings was soon overpowered, and she performed the part with great effect.

A new play called "*The Wanderer*," or the *Rights of Hospitality*, from the pen of Mr. C. Kemble, has been performed here.

This piece is of the German school: the plot has been detailed in all the newspapers: it is composed of escapes and pursuits, and reminds us of several of the recently produced melo-dramas. The incident of dressing up a stranger in the clothes of a lord of a castle, savours a little of the improbable; but the interest the character excited found excuses for many supernatural occurrences.

Mr. C. Kemble's part is the most prominent in the piece, and he did perfect justice to it: the sentiments he delivered with great effect, some of which the audience enthusiastically applied to the present state of affairs.

Miss Smith, in the Countess, was very interesting; but why she wore that most extraordinary fabric upon her head, which she displayed, we are at a loss to determine: does she suppose it *costume*? A large cake of diet bread reversed and ornamented, would have formed just such another; and Miss Norton scorning to be outdone in caps, sported an immense Oxonian's trencher covered with silver; this young lady, however, did great justice to her part.

The piece was announced for second representation without a dissentient voice.

DRURY-LANE.

We accused the Covent-Garden Pantomime of stupidity; but "*Furibond*," which was produced on the same night at this theatre, not only rivals it in that respect, but excites our indignation for the effrontery with which it has been forced upon the public.

This *olio of trash* was most deservedly hooted off the stage the first night of its performance, but has since been played nearly thirty times, because the managers having been at a few pounds expence for the scenes and machinery, impudently resolved to be repaid, even in defiance of common decency.

In the contrivance of this *entertainment*, neither genius nor invention are displayed: the music, though pretty, is more adapted to an oratorio than a pantomime; and the tricks, which invariably failed on every night's representation, are a collection of the dross of all the stupid exhibitions of the same sort, which the town have been tormented with for the last twenty years at Sadler's Wells, the Circus, &c. &c.

The dances introduced would disgrace a barn, and the disgusting buffooneries of Master Laurent, are, if possible, more offensive than the gross absurdities of his father.

Mrs. Sharp is a tolerable columbine, but as she had no opportunity of displaying her talents, she obtained very little applause.

Mr. J. Smith, a gentleman celebrated for his performance on the trumpet, made his appearance as Lorenzo in the Cabinet, he has a tolerable figure, and sung a song from Fontainbleau with some taste: he appears likely to become an acquisition to the theatre.

On Friday the 21st, we attended this theatre to witness the first representation of a new comedy, ycleped, "Something to do," during the first two acts of which, we had considerable difficulty in keeping our eye-lids from closing, but ere the conclusion of the third, we were most effectually roused, for John Bull, who, good natured soul, will never refuse to swallow a *reasonable quantity* of nonsense, being, on the present occasion, completely sur-

feited, became outrageous, and in spite of the *pleadings* of Mr. Elliston, (who enacted a lawyer) and the exertions of Mrs. Jordan, hissed and hooted so tremendously, that it was impossible either to sleep, or to know whether the performers were discoursing of love, war, or murder. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," is a very amiable maxim, and as this wretched production has experienced a violent death, we shall not wound the feelings of its *unfortunate parent* by recording its numerous imperfections; but we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise and indignation at the incorrigible folly and impolicy of those who obtrude such pieces upon the public. Mr. Wroughton is, we believe, only the ostensible manager, while a gentleman, whom Mr Sheridan asserts to be a most excellent *magistrate*, (and who dares dispute Mr. Sheridan's *veracity?*) presides *incog*, over the literary department. We wish this "most elegant magistrate" would confine his judgments to the Sessions House, and his managements to the police office, and not like the bear in the boat, and the ass turned lap-dog, imagine himself qualified for avocations which nature never intended him to practise. We cannot help thinking that there is something peculiarly indecorous in the union of the two offices of police magistrate and theatrical manager. It has been said that this *gentleman's ungentlemanly* conduct towards such dramatic authors as are unknown to him, has been severely reprehended by those who are most interested in the success of the theatre. He boasts that he has in his possession several hundred dramatic pieces, some of which are allowed to possess considerable merit, and yet nothing is brought forward that is not written either by a friend of this manager, or by some drudge of the theatre, whose pieces are frequently promised acceptance even *before* they are written, while others of superior merit are retained for years after *they have been approved by the board of management*, and finally returned to their authors, to make room for such contemptible productions as "*Falkner*" and "*Something to do.*" While such conduct is pursued, genius must languish, and the drama remain in its present degraded state.

We have heard that the trustees of this theatre have resolved to confide the regulation of the literary department to a gentleman of known taste and genius, and, as admirers of the legitimate drama, we sincerely hope the report will prove to be correct.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

Married.] John Hadley, esq. of Craven Street, to Mrs. Richardson, widow of the late Captain W. Richardson of the navy.

George Shee, esq. eldest son of Sir George Shee, bart. to Jane, the eldest daughter of Wm. Young, esq. of Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

At St. Paul's, Deptford, Benjamin Stanley, esq. of Hackney Terrace, to Miss Jeykill, of Strawberry Hall, New Cross, Surrey.

At Mary-le-bone Church, James Grant, esq. to Helen Philadelphia Nixon, youngest daughter of the late Major-general Sir Eccles Nixon.

At Chiswick, the Rev. John Morris, A. M. of Ealing Green, to Miss A. F. Brande, youngest daughter of Augustus Everard Brande, esq. of Chiswick.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. James Pink, of Dover Street, to Miss Mary Anne Harvey, only daughter of Mr. D. Harvey, of Fairford, Gloucestershire.

Thomas Theodore Campbell, esq. to Miss Anne Bland, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Bland, of the Bath Hotel, Piccadilly.—The Rev. T. G. Clare, fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, to Harriet, daughter of the Rev. A. Daniell, of Lifford, Ireland.

Joshua Sidney Horton, esq. captain of his majesty's ship Princess of Orange, to Mrs. Whorwoon, widow of the late Henry Mayne Whorwood, esq. of Headington House, Oxfordshire.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Thomas Baker, Francis Adams, esq. of Clifton, near Bristol,

to Miss Mary Shate Manley, fifth daughter of John Manley, esq. of Bloomsbury.

At Pancras, Mr. W. M. Thistleton, of Great Russel Street, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Peter Merzeau, esq. of Camden Town.

Lately, Mr. Presbury, jeweller, of New Street, Covent Garden, to Mrs. Johnson, late of Drury Lane Theatre.

At St. James's, Clerkenwell, R. Smart, esq. of Lamb's Conduit Street, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex, to Mrs. S. Coltman, widow of the late W. Coltman, lieutenant in the royal navy.

At Islington, William Garsit, jun. esq. of Boston, Lincolnshire, to Harriet, third daughter of the Rev. William Draper.

Died.] At her house at Brompton, Mrs. Stephanoff, justly celebrated as an artist, for the beauty and high finish of her fruit and flower paintings, and sincerely regretted by all those who had the happiness of knowing her.

At the house of the Dowager Lady Frankland, in Edward Street, Portman Square, Miss Harriet Frankland, the only unmarried daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Sir T. Frankland, bart. of Thickley Park, Yorkshire.

At Hanwell, aged 87, Mrs. Hannington, formerly one of the matrons of Eton College.

In King Street, Westminster, Mr. George Fairbairn, locksmith to his majesty, 78.

After a short illness, in the prime of life, Mrs. Seddon, (late Miss Worral) She possessed considerable knowledge of music, and her vocal powers were universally and deservedly admired. Her surviving relations and friends deeply deplore her premature fate, and her memory will be long cherished by them with the warmest and most sincere affection

In Lower Brook Street, General Leland, representative for the present and three preceding parliaments, for Stamford, colonel of the 64th regiment of foot, and lieutenant-governor of Cork. In the course of his life, he encountered much rough and hazardous service for the advancement of the honour and interest of his country. He was a captain of grenadiers under the immortal Wolfe, at the siege of Quebeck, and in other parts of the world had bled for his native land.

At her house in Upper Grosvenor Street, Emma, Countess Dowager of Mount Edgecomb, relict of the third lord and first earl, and mother to the present earl Her ladyship was only daughter and heir of Dr. John Gilbert, who was archbishop of York.

In Upper Guildhall Street, in the 84th year of her age, Mrs Lodington, mother of Thomas Lodington, esq. and sister of the late Rev. Dr. Broade, of Southwick Hall, near Oundle, Northamptonshire.

In New Burlington, the Hon. Miss Sophia Ann Walpole, fifth daughter of Lord Walpole.

On Dowgate Hill, Mr. Robert Waugh, merchant, third son of the late Joseph Waugh, esq.

At Sommerstown, Francis Lallier, esq. in his 85th year. He was the first person who introduced Daran's specific remedies into this country, having been a pupil to the gentleman that was surgeon to Louis XVI. and practised that branch of surgery for upwards of fifty years with the greatest success.

At the White Horse Inn, Fetter Lane, Lieutenant William Miller, of the West Norfolk Militia. On his way from Canterbury to visit his family, at Downham, in Norfolk, when he suddenly became blind, and after a short illness of four days, he expired at the above inn.

At his house in Colman Street Buildings, aged 82, the Rev. John Newton, rector of the united parishes of St. Mary, Woolnoth, and St. Mary Mounichurch Haw, of which parishes he had been rector twenty-eight years. His unblemished life, his amiable character, both as a man and as a minister, and his able writings, are too well known to need any comment.

Berkshire.

Died.] At Kingston House, Lady Jane Mackworth, wife of Sir Digby Mackworth, age 40.

At Coollham, Mrs. Elizabeth Plummer, sister to William Plummer, esq. late member of parliament for Hertfordshire.

At Windsor Castle, the Rev. John Lockman, D.D. F.A.S. canon of

Windsor, and master of St. Cross, Hants.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Died.] At Wisbech, the Rev. Z. Stitchall, formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, B.A. 1786: M.A. 1790; in his forty-third year.

Aged 68, Mrs. Thompson, wife of John Thompson, esq.

At Histon, Mr. Joseph Deighton, father of Mr. John Deighton, bookseller, Cambridge, aged 90.

The Rev. Henry Turner, vicar of Burwell, and of Landwade, formerly of St. John's College, B.A. 1756; M.A. 1759; and B.D 1767.

CORNWAL.

Married] At Ludgran, Captain Richards, of the Magdelaine, to Miss Joanna Matthews, of Penzance.

At Falmouth, Lieutenant Menzies, on the impress service, to Miss Elizabeth Grose.

At St. Columb, Robert Hearle, esq. commander of the Cormorant custom-house cutter, to Miss Drew.

At Probus, William Rashleigh, esq. of Kilmarth, to Miss Stackhouse, daughter of William S. esq. of Trehare.

Died.] At Truro, Mrs. Vivian, relict of the Rev. Thomas Vivian, of Cornwal, Devon, aged 88.

At Falmouth, George Croker Fox, esq. of the firm of Fox and Sons. —Mrs. Charlotte Gwennap, daughter of John Gwennap, esq.

At Camelford, Mrs. Trelleaven, aged 88.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND.

The following is an extract of a letter, received a few days ago by John Underwood, lying sick, from the overseer of the poor at Bassingthwaite, to whom he addressed a letter, craving relief from the parish:—

"N.B. Great Enquiry is now whether you are dead or Living If dead send a copy of your Interring as Required By Us Bassenthwaite Officers.

"ISAAC HARRISON,
"Bassenthwaite Officers."

Married.] At Kirklinton, John Robinson Bacon, esq. at Lough, to Miss Margaret Graham, of Rigg.

At Carlisle, Lieutenant Wilkinson, to Miss Jackson, daughter of R. Jackson, mayor of the city.

Died.] At Skerton, Mrs. Mary Townson, sister to William Berry, esq. of Stank, in Turness, and great aunt to Mr. Alderman Berry, of Kendal, aged 92.

At Dearham, near Maryport, the Rev. Mr. Sharp, in his 44th year.

At Stainton, near Penrith, the celebrated bone-setter, Dr. Benjamin Taylor, aged 71.

KENT.

Married.] At Ramsgate, Admiral Lord Keith, to Miss Thrale, eldest daughter of Mrs. Piozzi.

At Faversham, William Samuel Curry, esq. major in the 54th regiment, to Miss Anne Maria Tappenden, daughter of James Tappenden, esq.

At Goudhurst, William Diamond, esq. to Miss Jane Welch.

At Beelenham, John Spalking, esq. of Hill-street, Berkeley-square, London, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Thomas Eden, esq. of Wimbledon, and niece to Lord Auckland.

Died.] At St. Laurence, near Canterbury, Miss Eleonora Graham, daughter of the late Colonel John Graham.

At Dover, P. Baker, esq. paymaster of the first regiment of royal Surry militia.

At Warehorn, Mr. William Hodges, son of Thomas Hodges, aged 18.

At Charlton, Thomas Welladvice, esq. late commander of the East India Company's ship, Charlton.

HAMPSHIRE.

Married.] At Lymington, James Whettam, esq. to Miss Rogers, niece of Major Keech, of Ningwood, Isle of Wight.

Died.] At her cottage, in the Isle of Wight, Lady Bridget Tollemache, sister to the Earl of Dysart.

At Ipsworth Park, Jervoise Clarke Jervoise, esq. M.P for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. He had enjoyed a seat in parliament upwards of thirty years.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Married.] At Slimbridge, J. Clarke, esq. of Snigsend, to Miss Wallington.

Died.] At Painswick, the Rev. Cornelius Winter, who had been the minister of a dissenting congregation in that place upwards of 20 years.

At Stroud, Mr. Joseph Butler, many years minister of a dissenting congregation there.

LANCASHIRE.

Married.] At Liverpool Henry Glover Moore, esq. merchant, to Miss Bramall.

At Walton, near Liverpool, Philip Meadows Taylor, esq. to Miss Jane Mitford, youngest daughter of the late Bartram Mitford, esq. of Mitford-castle, Northumberland.

Died.] At Manchester, in his 57th year, John Kearsley, esq. a man whose loyalty and attachment to his king and country were almost unparalleled. In him the poor have lost a steady friend, and the rich a disinterested companion.—Wm. Crane, esq. aged 84.

At Horwick, near Bolton le Moors, Robert Greenhaigh, esq.

At Preston, aged 51, John Little, esq. of Newby, near Annan, in Scotland.

At Darwen Bank, near Preston, Mrs. Pedder, wife of E. Pedder, esq.

At Upholland, Mr. Southart, at the great age of 104 years.

At Basingstoke, near Blackburn, suddenly, Mr. John Gerard. He had supped with his family on muscles the night preceding his death, and retired to bed apparently in health. About four in the morning he awoke in the greatest agony, and was a corpse by five. An inquest was held the following day, to ascertain the cause of his sudden dissolution, when the attending surgeon gave his deposition to the jury, that his death was owing to the muscles he had eaten the night before.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Died.] At his seat at Belton, in the 64th year of his age, the right honourable Brownlow Cust, Lord Brownlow. He was the only son of the late right honourable Sir John Cust, bart. speaker of the House of Commons; in remuneration of whose services in that high office, he was advanced to the peerage in 1776. His lordship was twice married; first to Miss Drury, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Thomas Drury, of Oberstone, in Northamptonshire, and sister of the late Countess of Buckinghamshire; and secondly, to Miss Bankes, only daughter of sir Henry Bankes, of Wimbledon, by whom he has left a numerous issue. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, the hon. John Cust, M.P. for the borough of Clithero. His remains were interred in Belton Church, attended by his six sons and his three eldest daughters. A considerable concourse of people from the surrounding villages assembled, to pay the last tribute of respect to one who, during a period of nearly forty years residence among them, was distinguished, not less by the practice of domestic and social virtue, than by the constant exercise of real benevolence and well-directed charity. Although his name may not be recorded by the pen of the historian in the catalogue of those brilliant characters, of whom this eventful age has been but too frequently called on to lament the loss; yet it cannot be deemed an ungrateful task to touch briefly on those virtues, which, if of inferior interest to the public at large, are nevertheless of the highest benefit to a surrounding society, when displayed in a person of exalted station. In public life, his leading characteristics were a zealous attachment to the person of his sovereign, and an honest anxiety to promote, to the utmost extent of his influence and power, those measures, under whatever administration they might have been framed, which had passed into the law of the land for the welfare or defence of the country. While his health permitted, he was not sparing of personal exertion, and ever kept alive, by the most liberal contributions, that spirit of voluntary patriotism which has embodied in this country so large an army of defenders from among all ranks of the community. In the more amiable ranks of private life, no one more perfectly united the truly moral, and religious character. Endowed with a sound understanding, and a clear judgment, he preserved a just medium between enthusiasm and indifference; for he was moral without austerity, and pious without affectation: a warm friend to the church of England, without bigotry or uncharitableness towards sectaries. All who had the happiness of enjoying his friendship, and especially those of his immediate neighbourhood, with whom he uniformly lived in the strictest harmony, will long bear testimony to the urbanity of his manners, the suavity of his disposition, and the noble hospitality

which to the last he maintained among them. His tenants have to lament a humane and beneficent landlord; and all his dependents a friend, ever studious to promote their happiness and comfort. How eminently he fulfilled all the duties of father, brother, and husband, they who have experienced his tenderness and affection in those relations, can best declare: it is sufficient in this place to call the attention of his contemporaries, to a character every way so fair and estimable, and to exhibit it as a pattern, for the present and succeeding ages.

NORFOLK.

A curious occurrence lately took place one night at a gentleman's house near Norwich, where three young ladies, on a visit, being desirous of enjoying a little "friendly chat" after the seniors of the family had retired, requested the servant to bring them their chamber candlesticks, which was accordingly done; and then getting snugly round the fire of the drawing-room, their lively imaginations supplied the "well-told tale," till unmindful of passing time, the fire exhibited only a few dying embers; and some symptoms of chilliness or cold appearing amongst them, they started up to retire to their respective chambers, when lo! on attempting to open the door, it was discovered to be fast locked on the outside; and every attempt to open it, or to make themselves heard by the rest of the family (from its detached situation) proved alike abortive; the trusty old servant having, in her last round, carefully turned the key, without looking into the room, not doubting but the young ladies had previously retired to rest; nor at all conjecturing how long "Hope would tell its flattering tale" to the vivacious ears of these lightly attired fair ones, who now became so very frigid, and alarmed at the certainty of their having to pass the night in that state, that every cinder (very few coals being left) was carefully picked from the hearth, to keep alive "the barely luminous fire." And it was determined to husband well the slender "taper's store," by progressively burning each of the small pieces of candle remaining in the candlesticks. The room was now traversed; and green-cloths, rugs, and carpets, were pressed into immediate service, "to encompass their fair bodies," all of which, however, proved insufficient to keep out the piercing cold till "morning's wished-for dawn," which happily relieved the "tedious night;" and by the same means they had been immured, they were released from their involuntary "prison-house," to their great joy, and no small mirth of the rest of the family, as it appeared they had not suffered in their health from the accident.

Married.] George Rising, esq. of Hemesby, to Miss Beart, second daughter of the late Mr. Beart, of Gorleston.

At Norwich, Mr. Robert Belcher, quarter-master of the 24th regiment of foot, to Mrs. T. Morris.

Mr. William Wright, of Yarmouth, to Miss Sherman, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Sherman, surgeon of Diss.

Died.] At Norwich, Mrs. Rolfe, wife of ——— Rolfe, esq.—Mrs. Aburn, aged 70. She was as well as usual in the morning, but was found dead on her couch in the evening. She had been for many years a collector of scarce works and curious productions.—Aged 86, Mrs. Mary Mack, who lived several years in the service of the late W. Tilyard, esq. at Poringland; during which time she constantly travelled the number of 2920 miles annually, her master never failing to send her every day (Sunday not excepted) to this city, for such things as he stood in need of.

At Felixstow, near Landguard Fort, lieutenant B. Beaufoy, of the royal navy.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Died.] At Bingham, within a few hours of each other, two daughters of Joseph Hough, labourer, one aged ten and the other six years. It is somewhat remarkable, that in the very same house, on the 2nd of December, 1789, died two brothers, Messrs. Thomas and Samuel Baxter, the one aged 73, the other 72, and that no other death has taken place there since

At Nottingham, Stokeham Huthwaite, gent. and Joseph Oldknow, gent. both aldermen of that corporation.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Married.] Captain Fisher of the 6th Dragoon Guards, to Miss Lucy Sparrow, daughter of the late James Sparrow, esq. of Bourton.

Died.] At Bristol, aged 114 years, Mary George, being great great grandmother to a numerous family.—Mr. Joseph Thomas Waugh, Gresham professor of rhetoric, eldest son of the late Joseph Waugh, esq. of Dowgate Hill.—Mrs. Ann Cassamajor, daughter of the late Cassamajor, esq. aged 90.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Penn, the Rev. Daniel Pape, vicar of that place.

At Bridgford, near Stafford, Mr. Matthew Talbot, of the White Hart, aged 46. Some time previous to his death he was seized with a lethargic complaint, commonly called a trance, in which he continued for several days, as in a profound sleep. He then awoke for a short time, in a most impatient state of hunger. Having satisfied the cravings of nature, he again fell gradually into the same drowsy and insensible state, from which nothing could rouse him. In this fit of lethargy he continued for a whole week, when he awoke only to meet the sleep of death.

SUSSEX.

A few days since, as the Steyning hounds were trailing through Treakles Wood, they found a hare, that gave them a hard run to Heath Common, when puss being exhausted, sought for shelter under the roof of a cottager, of the name of Maze; but in Mr. Maze the timid animal found an enemy equally as ferocious as her pursuers, for he instantly killed her, and concealed her under his bed; but in doing so, Mr. Maze was not aware of the danger and difficulty he was about to experience, for the hounds coming up in a few minutes, and the scent of the hare being strong to his person, they immediately seized on him, and had it not been for the fortunate appearance of the huntsman, who found him in a very perilous situation, the consequences might have been fatal. Mr. Maze was *amazingly* glad of an opportunity to deliver up the hare, that he himself might have a safe deliverance from such troublesome visitors!

Three gentlemen being lately out on a shooting party at Seddlescomb, near Westfield, flushed a woodcock in a hedge-row, at which one of the party immediately, with great eagerness fired, and brought down—not the woodcock—but a *fine horse*, which was quietly grazing on the other side of the hedge, and which, after a few convulsive struggles, resigned his life to the irresistible energy of the keen sportsman.

Died.] At Brighton, Mrs. Lawes, a lady of great philanthrophy, and rather singular from the number of the canine race with which she was constantly attended.

WILTSHIRE.

Married.] At Marlborough, Lieutenant Leroux, of the royal navy, to Miss Kirby.

Died.] In his 70th year, the rev. M. M. Jackson, 25 years vicar of Warminster, and rector of Kingston Deverill, a gentleman whose character, both public and private, displayed many excellent qualities. As a clergyman he was pious, conscientious, and exemplary, a warm friend and supporter of the establishment both in church and state, and a liberal promoter of every useful and charitable institution. The advantages he derived from superior understanding and a general information, were actively employed whenever they could be of service; and the severe regret of a numerous body of parishioners best evince the high degree of estimation in which he was held. Nor in the social circle were his virtues less conspicuous. Though dignified, he was agreeable, cheerful, and unassuming, hospitable, benevolent, and liberal.

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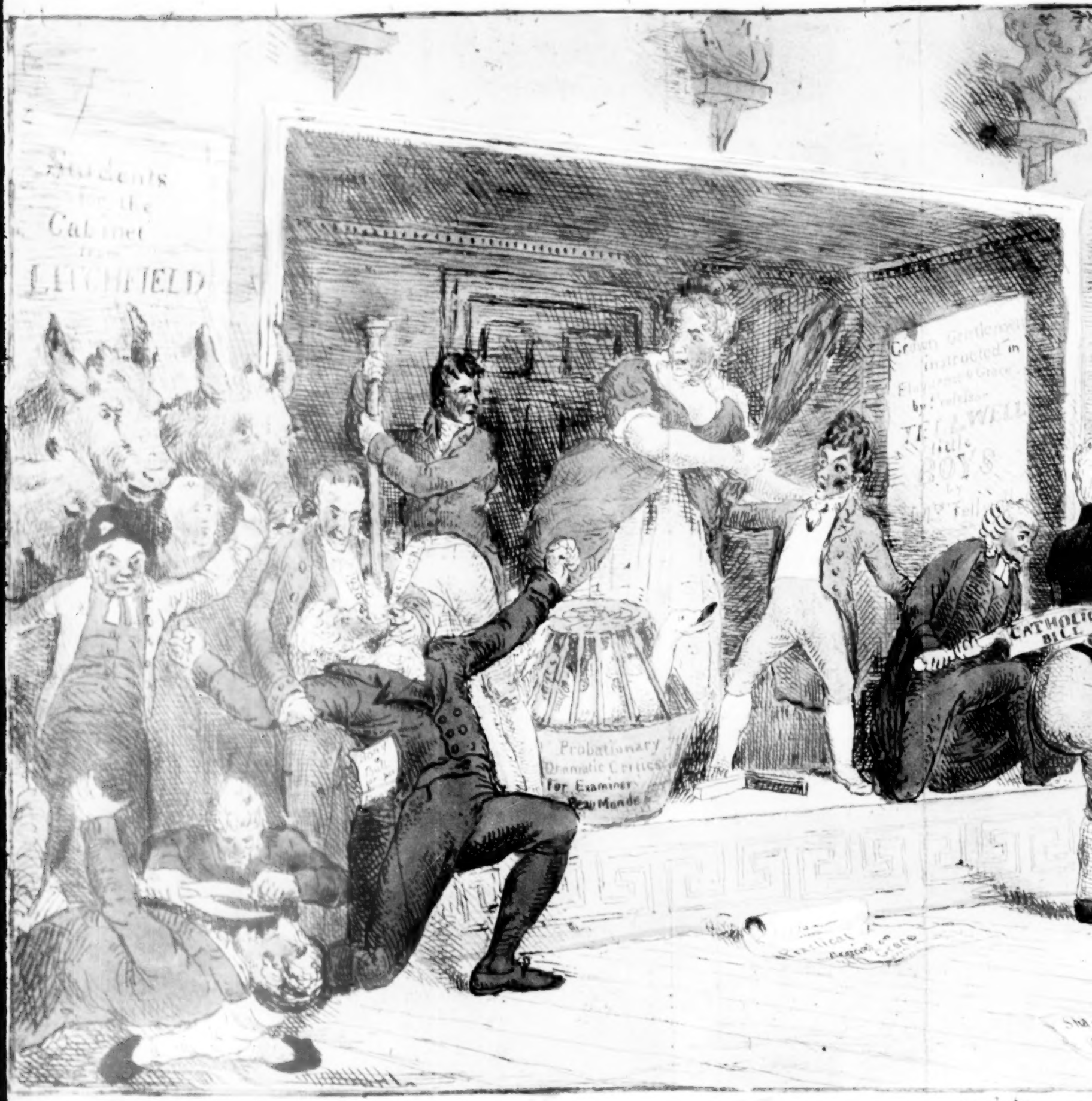
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